JANUARY, 1927

THE METHODIST MAGAZINE

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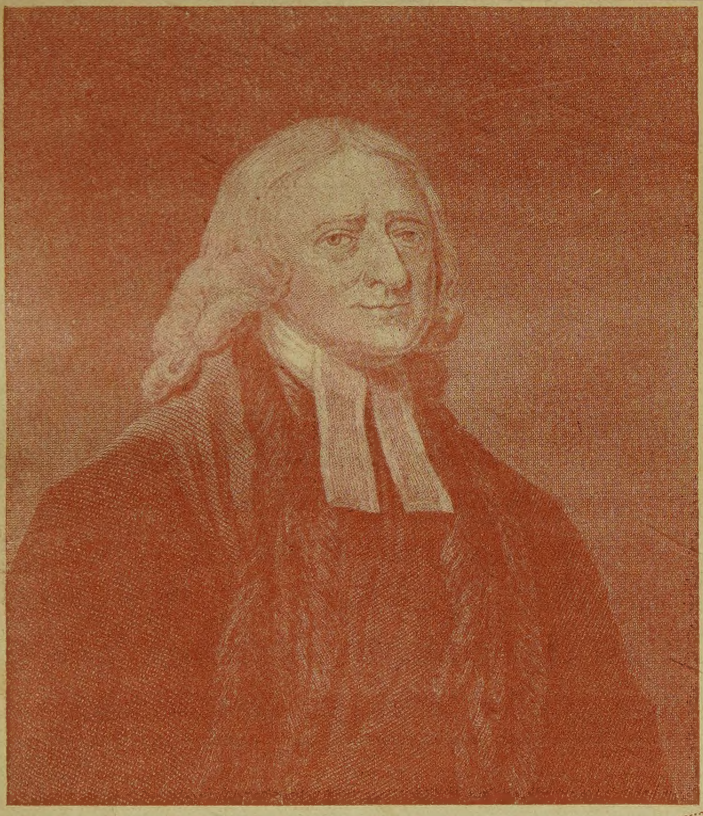

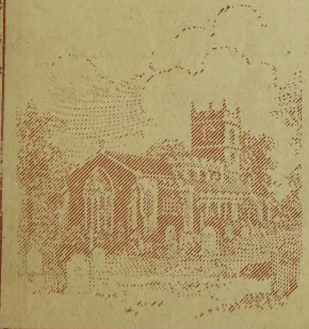

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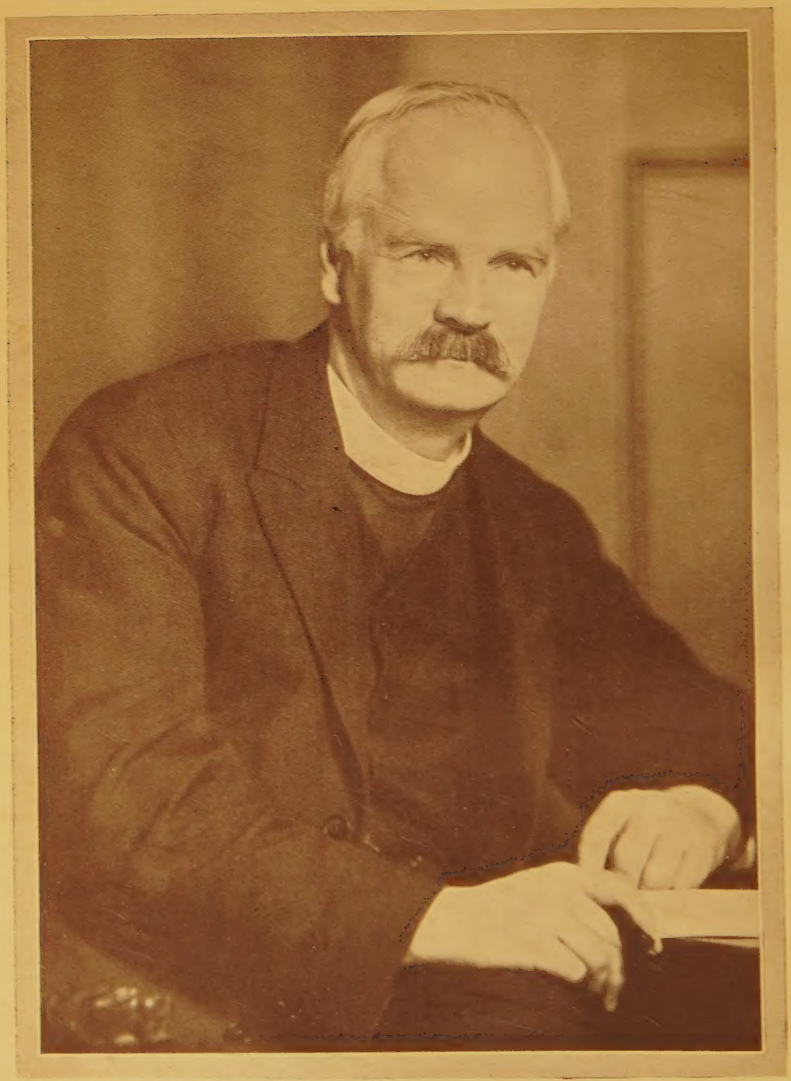

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J. Ramsden

The Methodist Magazine

BEGUN BY JOHN WESLEY IN 1778

Volume 150 January, 1927

One Hundred and Fifty Years—and After

By THE EDITOR

WE have reached with much thanksgiving the Hundred and Fiftieth Birthday of this Magazine. Wesley issued its first number in January 1778, whilst he was building City Road Chapel; and before the first volume was finished he had provided Methodism with its spiritual head quarters, and had seen this Magazine established as its official organ, destined to carry on its work for generations after he himself had bidden the company gathered round him on March 2, 1791, his last 'Farewell.'

Honoured Contributors.

It speaks volumes to find that Wesley's much-loved Magazine has never failed to make its entrance into his people's homes every month for a century and a half. As our friends turn the pages of this number, they will understand more clearly how Wesley is regarded in the twentieth century.

The Lord Bishop of Lincoln has been studying the Standard Edition of the *Journal*, and pays loving tribute to the Evangelist who belongs to the Church of England as well as to Methodism. Sir William Ashley, as an historical expert, gives his estimate of the Evangelical Revival as compared with Puritanism and the Oxford Movement. These are papers that will be read all round the world, and will form a preface to others which are to describe Wesley's world-wide influence. There is no sectarianism in such a survey. Great evangelists are a catholic possession, and kindle fires of zeal and love in all Christian breasts. Dr. Cadman and Dr. Chown are noble examples of the catholic spirit, and, in later numbers, their surveys of Wesley's influence in the United States and Canada will show how real is the unity which already prevails among true Christians.

Poetry in the Magazine.

It is significant to learn that, after Wesley issued his first

proposals for the new Magazine, he was 'much solicited, and by some for whose judgement' he had 'a great regard, to give Poetry a place therein.' These friends urged that this might be profitable as well as agreeable, and Wesley therefore promised 'at the close of every number to fill up, what is wanting in the pages proposed, with one or more copies of verses.' Nine pages are given to poetry, and before the year was out he wrote to a would-be contributor that in this matter he did not care to depend upon himself alone. 'I usually submit all the verses which are sent me to the judgement of my brother, and the other preachers that are with me. And whatever they agree is proper, I publish as soon as convenient.' We are confident that Dr. Farrington's noble tribute to Wesley, the little poem by the Rev. A. Preston Hadwen, now a missionary in China, and the beautiful 'Hymn of a Christian Miner' from our oldest contributor, would have triumphantly passed Wesley's board of critics.

Dr. Farrington's papers on 'Mother England' are among the delights to come. We are also happy in enlisting the help of Dr. Scott Lidgett, whose *Reminiscences* link us to great memories of the past and vital issues in the life of London to-day.

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We have reduced the price of each number to sixpence, and feel confident that members of our own and of other Churches will find rich material here for thought and for devotion. The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse will lead us into these higher realms of the divine life month by month, and no one feels the need of prayer and Bible study more keenly than he, or has more God-given skill in ministering to it.

Some Attractive Features.

Many will be pleased to know that the frontispiece portrait is to be restored. January, of course, belongs to the President, of whom Dr. Ryder Smith gives a vivid sketch, based on long personal friendship. Dr. Cadman will appear in February, when his powerful estimate of Wesley's influence in America will begin. Dr. Ballard speaks for us all in his defence of 'The Lord's Day.' Music, Fiction, Woman's Life in the Home, Herston Travers' much appreciated messages, the Book of the Month, and the history of our Magazine, are other features which we hope will make *The Methodist Magazine* an honoured guest in thousands of homes in this and other lands.

John Telford

Wesley's Influence on Christian Thought

By SIR WILLIAM ASHLEY

The speech of Sir William Ashley at the Wesley Bicentenary at Lincoln College, Oxford, on March 27, will be read with eager interest. Sir William went as a boy of twelve to our Wesleyan school in Long Lane, Southwark, and gratefully remembers the winter when, if the boys had been very good, the master would read them a thrilling story of shipwreck. Thence he passed to St. Olave's School. He was a History Scholar of Balliol in 1878-82, and then acted as coach and enjoyed the friendship of Hugh Price Hughes. In 1885 he was elected Fellow of Lincoln College, and made Lecturer in History there. In 1888 he became Professor at Toronto and afterwards at Harvard. In 1901 he was appointed to create the new Faculty of Commerce at the University of Birmingham, and was Vice-Principal there from 1918 to 1925. He was elected an Honorary Fellow of Lincoln in 1920. He has always felt Wesley to be an historical figure of whom Lincoln might be proud; but having recently had to study the Puritan controversial literature of the seventeenth century, he then turned to Wesley's *Life* and *Journal*, and gives the result in his speech.

WESLEY is one of the greatest names in the history of the English-speaking race. His influence was far-reaching and many-sided. The speakers who come after me will pay their tributes as representatives of the Societies he founded. Some will express the veneration of daughter peoples outside these islands. To-morrow we shall lift up our hearts in gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts. And perhaps, after that, it may be possible to survey his work as a whole. I can speak only as an historian outside the Methodist circle; and I will ask your attention to but two considerations.

Puritanism and Methodism.

The Puritan Movement of the seventeenth century and the Evangelical Movement—in which Methodism led the way—in the eighteenth century have been the two last widespread and popular religious movements in our annals. But there were remarkable differences between them. Puritanism, speaking broadly, took its stand on the divine right of certain forms of church government. Wesley, on the other hand, though he was slowly driven, as he believed, by necessity to create a new, and at first only supplementary, organization for his followers, neither attacked the old nor defended the new in the spirit of the seventeenth century. Ministers and Conference, Circuits and Classes, Methodist Superintendents in England and Methodist Bishops in America, he was content to justify on grounds of

usefulness. He moved right out of the atmosphere of divine right, whether of the Cartwright or of the Bancroft type.

Wesley's Burning Conviction.

A far more important difference was this: Puritanism, again speaking broadly, was Calvinist; Methodism was Arminian. The ordinary educated man of to-day does not even know the term 'Arminian'; 'Calvinism' he commonly uses incorrectly. If he has some vague impression that once there were controversies between Calvinists and Arminians, he regards the differences as being between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. But in fact the Arminian theology, which Wesley espoused, marked one of the great advances in the liberation of the human spirit. Calvinism had steeled men who deemed themselves 'elect' to endure hardships and resist tyranny. But it put terrible obstacles in the way of the Christian life. It was bound to disappear with moral and political progress: when men came to think differently of earthly government, they must think differently of divine government. But it was not every theologian who realized this, or—and that is the main point—in whom the new conviction became a burning fire, as it did in Wesley. Just how it came to him I do not know; probably from his upbringing. But it is evident that he held it from the first: we all know that he was confirmed in it by his mother. 'She wondered,' she told him 'why men should amuse themselves with searching into the decrees of God.' Alas! such searchings had been more than amusement; they had been sore stumbling-blocks in the way of many, who, like Bunyan, at last got over them; to many more who never got over them.

The horror which the Calvinist conception of the Deity might well inspire in a lover of his fellow-men is illustrated by an incident recorded in Wesley's Diary under 1741. 'Looking,' he says, 'for a book in our College library, I took down by mistake the works of Episcopius, which, opening on an account of the Synod of Dort, I believed it might be useful to read it through. But what a scene is here disclosed! . . . What a pity it is that the Holy Synod of Trent and that of Dort did not sit at the same time; nearly allied as they were, not only as to the purity of doctrine which each of them established, but also as to the spirit wherewith they acted, if indeed the latter did not exceed.'

The Synod of Dort in 1619, the nearest approach to an Ecumenical Council of the Calvinist Churches, affirmed that God

had both decreed the end—the damnation of one part of the human race—and also, and therefore, the means—that they should continue in sin, for His own exoneration. Well might Wesley exclaim, ' I wonder not at the heavy curse of God '—I suppose he means the Civil War—' which soon after fell on our Church and nation.' ' I cannot believe,' wrote Wesley on another occasion, ' that there is one soul on earth which has not even had a possibility of escaping eternal damnation.'

His Immeasurable Service.

Does such phraseology now sound archaic? We must estimate a man in his own place in time. And Wesley did an immeasurable service to the English people of his age. He made a hopeful view of the divine purpose the property no longer only of scholars like Grotius, or of the Anglican divines who had been denounced by a Puritan House of Commons, a century before, as ' capital enemies to the Commonwealth.' He made it the breath of conviction which now sent a great flood of missionary zeal over the forgotten and ignorant masses. Can any one doubt that his success as a preacher was due in no small degree to this—that he believed vividly that every human being in the crowds before him could be ' saved '? We may possibly think that his conception of ' salvation ' needs enlargement. We might ask whether he did not narrow his influence by too great an insistence on ' assurance.' However that may be, the gospel of spiritual opportunity which he offered to every man and woman was assuredly, in its measure, a return to the teaching of Jesus. It was also the counterpart of that political valuation of every citizen which means democracy. It was a noble and a necessary type of individualism.

The noblest individualism, indeed, whether religious or economic, is only one half of human need; and this, experience since Wesley's time has abundantly shown. Even the Churches he created cannot go forth into the future inspired only by his ideas. But Wesley did the work he was appointed to do, in his own long day and in two generations.

In our February Number we begin a series of important articles on WESLEY AS A WORLD FORCE.

The first is by the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D.D., LL.D., on THE INFLUENCE OF WESLEY UPON THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA—an influence which, in his deliberate judgement, is so profound and formative, that it has decided that great country's destiny as a Protestant Power.

John Wesley

The hand that saved him at the Epworth fire
Had formed him as some slender, staunch canoe,
That rides to source of rivers, narrow, higher,
Yet leaps the cataracts and rapids through.
This brooding Providence that held his fate
Had forged him burro-hoofs, sure-footed, slow;
Though heavy burdened with its human freight,
Calm, patient climbs through mountain heat and snow.
It gave him sea-gull wings of tireless ease,
To storm, fatigue, and hunger disciplined;
That soars serene across the wildest seas—
As desert-ship that faces sand and wind.
For he must tread the confines of the earth;
The world, his parish, was ordained from birth.

The godly guardians of tender years,
Embarking on a galley, sailed the foam
To bring him to the poets and the seers
Who dwelt upon the seven hills of Rome.
In triremes curved, on emerald deep,
To peaks and hills the clouds and sunbeams kiss,
They sought the wisdom bards and sages keep
On Athens' sacred, high Acropolis,
They mounted him on eastern caravan,
To wade through sandy deserts, hot and dry,
To hear and see the words God gave to man
That flashed and thundered from Mount Sinai.
For he must fence with error, delve and find
The light from Scriptures for the dull and blind.

The Prince of Love that haunts the heart of man,
Through priestly father wooed him to the Church;
A sainted mother in the home began
The sanctuary of his mystic search.
A humble porter of the college town,
The red men of a distant continent,
Soon led him from the cloister and the gown
Along the roads of need the Saviour went.
The searching Christ in Paul's Cathedral choir
In mighty rushing wind of sudden start
Encircled him; as nestling dove with fire
At Aldersgate, quick strangely warmed his heart.
For he must melt the cruel, cold, and proud;
Give Christ's compassion to the wistful crowd.

Reluctantly he left the Church's door,
Stern barred from desk and altar of her shrine;
And surpliced stood serene in field and moor,
Where sun and moon and constellations shine.
All Britain's ill-kept highways felt the hoof
Of his familiar, wiry little steed;
From no rough path his own feet held aloof
Or passed uncrossed the threshold to a need.
To singing Wales' deep mines and rugged strands,
Bleak Scotland's hills, and Erin's isle he went;
And touched all England's green and pleasant lands;
Still firm of step, keen-eyed, and lithe of limb,
Although grey Time had overtaken him.

With arrow-words on reason's anvil wrought,
Sharp script deep cut with logic's pen of steel,
The stealthy, sapping sceptic foes he fought,
Who sought to undermine Faith's Commonweal.
His quills that fenced with England's native foes
Were foils hard-tempered to annihilate
The tools of mitred sceptres who arose
To overthrow a purer Church and State.
With visions caught from Pisgah's lofty height,
Through lenses ground in Grecian mart and porch,
He shed on prophets and the law a light,
And held above Christ's Testament a torch—
The chastening and healing rays and rod:
The two-edged blade—the shining Word of God.

The hero heart that had been strangely warmed
Took instant flight on herald-prophet wing;
God's glowing words on silver tongue were formed,
And flowed from golden mouth as thrushes sing.
He faced the multitudes beneath the skies,
Harsh heckled by infuriated mobs;
But hushed the vulgar, hostile scoffs and cries
By seraph hymns and soul-repentant sobs.
His flame touched men of high and low estate
In mansion, mart, in dungeon, dock and mill;
Nor did its blaze diminish nor abate,
Or his warm voice become subdued and still,
Till Britain was renewed and shared a part
In his unquenchable and burning heart.

HARRY WEBB FARRINGTON.

John Wesley's Journal

By THE LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN

The Bishop of Lincoln showed the Methodists extraordinary kindness when the Conference met in his diocese in 1925, and his delight in Wesley's *Journal* will kindle a response in Methodist homes all round the world.

IN 1925 the Wesleyan Methodist Conference met at Lincoln. During the period of the Conference eight ministers were my guests, and on their departure presented me with the eight volumes of Nehemiah Curnock's edition of *The Journal of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M.* This most welcome gift led me to renew and extend my acquaintance with Wesley's *Journal.* It is difficult to write in measured terms of that amazing life, most fruitful ministry, and vivid and dominating personality. Methodism to-day is world-wide, and the sons of John Wesley are to-day, I suppose, the largest religious fellowship of all those who inherit the principles of the Reformation. Wesley was a Lincolnshire man; and as I journey about the country villages of Lincolnshire, I am able to witness that the seed which Wesley sowed is still fruitful, still enables men to have peace and joy in believing, and still brings forth gracious and disciplined lives. I gladly also witness that in this, Wesley's own county, there is still much kindliness among those who bear his name for the Old Church, and I cannot but believe that a closer relationship must be possible, as it is certainly required by our duty to our blessed Lord. Ecclesiastically Wesley belongs almost as much to us as to those who bear his name. He lived and died a member of the Church of England. In his later days, as in his earlier, he frequently preached in her pulpits and made his communions at her altars. Daily Communion was to him, when it might be had, a precious privilege. He never desired separation, though his own action made it practically inevitable.

Wesley's Enthusiasm and Liberal Outlook.

The two charges most frequently brought against Wesley were that he was an ' enthusiast ' or a ' Papist.' Enthusiasm was a word of ill omen in the eighteenth century, and generally implied something of mental aberration. This charge Wesley always indignantly repelled; and an enthusiast, in the sense in which his enemies used the term, he was not, but undoubtedly he was inspired with a passion for men's souls, for righteousness, and

for God, which was perplexing and disconcerting to the calm reasonableness of many even of the higher minds of his period. Bishop Butler represented much that was best in the religion and theology of the time, and it is hard to imagine a greater contrast than that between the calm and majestic process of the *Analogy* and John Wesley's passionate oratory and the tempestuous scenes which so often attended his preaching.

The charge of ' Papistry ' so often brought against Wesley was due in part to his insistence on the possibility of Christian perfection and the absolute duty of seeking to perfect holiness, and partly on the fact that he could not bring himself to believe that God created men by an irrevocable decree solely that they might be condemned to eternal perdition. He could not allow himself to be entrapped by the snares of any logic into a position which did violence to his own deepest moral perceptions and instincts. If we find, as indeed we must, that in certain respects Wesley was limited in his outlook, if we find ourselves unable to approve the excessive emphasis which he laid on Christian assurance, we shall do well to remember that in almost all directions Wesley was larger and more liberal in his outlook than the great majority of his contemporaries, and that Wesley knew more of the love, joy, and peace which are the fruits of the Spirit than any preacher of his day, and perhaps hardly less than the greatest preachers of all time.

The sober reasonableness of the best type of eighteenth-century religion was not without its value. It made persecution seem not only un-Christian but absurd, and helped to close, as we hope for ever, the record of that strange and perplexing period when the Church herself persecuted. The special character of the theology of the period did something to prepare the way for that flood of new light and of new knowledge which was to be the opportunity and the perplexity of the Church in the following century; but it was a type of religion which had little message for, and could be hardly comprehended by, the poor, the miserable, and the unlearned.

Wesley's Message to the Poor and Unlearned.

It was a time when a gospel for the poor was bitterly needed. Modern industrialism, almost unheeded, was beginning to bear sway, and was bringing with it problems which we have not yet solved, but which at the time men did not even suspect. Popular education was limited and extremely imperfect. Medicine had hardly begun to be scientific, and sanitation hardly existed.

Wesley, with his extreme self-confidence, was sure that he was as good a doctor as most of the medical men of his period, and was always ready to treat others or himself, often apparently with excellent results. He was a doctor who would inspire confidence. It must be remembered to his credit that he was in advance of his time in anticipating the therapeutic value of electricity and in discovering that tuberculosis was an infectious disease. In an age of heavy eating and drinking he appreciated the value of an abstemious life, exercise, and fresh air.

It was to the poor and the unlearned, who needed so profoundly his message, that Wesley most gladly turned. He could minister to the educated, but was always surprised when they hearkened to him. He observed of a polite congregation that they were ' as attentive as if they had been colliers.' In Scotland, better educated and more theological than England, he seems never to have been quite happy. He says of a popular audience at Glasgow, ' Preached to a people the greatest part of whom hear much, know everything, and feel nothing.' With the poor of England, Wales, and indeed of Ireland, he was at his best. He brought to his ministry a passionate sympathy, an intense perception of the value of every soul in the sight of God, which won its way to the hearts and consciences of the humble. A ministry which demanded emotion, and provoked so immediate an emotional response, would have been more dangerous than it actually was in the hands of another; but Wesley the fervid evangelist was also and at all times the scholarly and dignified Christian gentleman. It is significant of his supreme personal influence that he was able so often to face savage and violent mobs and remain unharmed. Other Methodist preachers were treated with savage and almost incredible brutality, but the calmness and dignity of Wesley again and again held him unscathed.

A Great Exemplar.

Wesley was the greatest of English evangelists. His labours were almost beyond belief. In addition to his long and almost daily journeys on horseback, it was his custom to preach at least three times a day, and to begin his preaching at five o'clock in the morning, when he seems to have been sure of a congregation. His sermons were, however, only part of his activities. On many of his busy days it is clear that he found time to instruct classes and to expound Scripture to them. He was more than an evangelist. He was an active promoter of deeds of charity and mercy, and he was never content merely with conversion, but was

always instant that his converts should go on unto perfection.

It was, however, as a preacher that he accomplished his greatest work. It is well worth while for those who are called to the ministry of the Word to study attentively his methods. There is nothing, in the modern sense, popular about his preaching. He never indulged in trivial anecdotes or smart sayings. He ever dealt with the greatest of all subjects, the relationship of the soul to God, in a strain of high dignity. He had a perfect style for his purpose, precisely because he never laboured to achieve style. It was beneath the dignity of his subject to adopt any method except that of saying what he had to say in the plainest and directest language. His gravity and sincerity created a style which preachers do well to study if not to imitate.

It is perhaps hardly possible that the spoken word can to-day have the influence which it had in a less literary age; but the preacher to-day who is controlled by the greatness of his subject, and ever speaks as the ambassador of God, and as in the presence of God, will never be without influence.

Seldom, I suppose, has there been a preacher who has been so absorbed in his immediate task as was John Wesley. With an intense fervour and with unremitting toil he laboured for the souls of men. It is impossible not to note certain limitations in his diary. He rode day by day and year by year forth and through this fair England, fairer and more undefiled than to-day, but it seems to have evoked little response in the preacher who thought only of souls. He sometimes notices that a country-side is fruitful, and records storms that hindered his journey; but otherwise the fair face of Nature was not for him. I suppose no man in England rode more miles on horseback than Wesley; but he never notices the faithful steeds, who must have been so sorely taxed by his ardour, except when sometimes, not unnaturally, they went lame. Indeed, 'his delight was with the sons of men.' It needed an ardour so consuming to sustain him in his unwearied labours.

John Wesley's *Journal* is wholesome reading, especially for those who are called to the Christian ministry. His day was not precisely as our day, and his problems are not in all details the same as ours. It is, however, wholesome to return to the *Journal* frequently, especially in days of depression or of spiritual poverty, and to consider how great things God was able to accomplish in one who truly loved souls, and who with singleness of mind made himself an instrument in the hand of God.

W. S. Lincoln.

The President as I have known Him

By C. RYDER SMITH, B.A., D.D.

MEMORY plays strange tricks with us. I was accepted for the ministry by the Conference of 1893, and I was spending the weeks between Conference and college at Dewsbury, where my father was superintendent. One of the four ministers broke down in health, and the President sent W. Russell Maltby to ' supply.' In those days—and still, for all I know—there was a great Circuit Lovefeast at the circuit chapel on the first Sunday afternoon in September. The people thronged the great gallery, so that all might see and hear every speaker. There was an unwritten law that the four ministers should ' lead off.' That year the three older ministers did so, but the ' supply ' sat still. W.R.M. would say nothing until he felt that he must. So there was a pause. Presently an ' old hand ' at lovefeasts rose in the crowded gallery and began his ' experience ' thus : ' Mr. Super, some of us would have jumped up fast enough, but we were waiting for that young man there ! ' Then he wandered into a Yorkshireman's ' experience ' ; but he dwelt a little on the fact that he had served the Lord for forty years. After a while the ' supply's ' heart was ' warmed,' and he rose to speak. What a memory I have ! His ' experience ' was just such as it should be, yet I can only recall one remark,—' I am surprised, Mr. Superintendent, that a man who has served the Lord for forty years should wait for a beginner like me ! ' That suited the Yorkshire ' fowk ' all right ! If I am not mistaken, however, I heard Maltby preach that night on ' Wrestling Jacob,' and I began to know that he had greater gifts than repartee.

He had left Headingley in June, and I went in September. It will not be unknown to some readers that at all our Colleges there is a perennial but friendly feud between the older students and the ' freshmen.' This often comes to a head in discussions at ' table.' Usually the ' freshmen ' come off second best. But we soon heard that one year at Headingley, even in the year before we went, it had not been so. For Maltby was there that one year. He counted as a ' First Year's man,' and we heard of his victory in many a famous fight. And this was natural enough, for before he came to college he had qualified as a lawyer in Scotland.

It does not often happen, however, that a lawyer turns

minister, and to meditate on the change is to begin to learn the President's secret. He has developed, of course, since then, for he is of the kind that never ceases to grow; but I think the direction of his growth was already fixed. Years later there was something of a controversy about a saying of his that a dustman is as much called of God to his task as a minister. Why, then, should lawyer turn minister? No one would stumble if a writer were to say that a 'ranker' may be as fine a patriot as a Kitchener, but it does not follow that there is no difference between their tasks. To be a Christian lawyer is a high and difficult calling; but it is not so high as the immediate and perpetual care of souls. And W.R.M., a little later than some others, found that Christ meant him for nothing else. There was a Methodist minister in Scotland at the time named Arthur Hoyle, who greatly helped him to the discovery. They are both old friends of mine, but it was the President who told me this. It is well to be a Christian anything, unless and until the Holy Ghost says, 'Woe unto you, if you preach not the gospel!'

The Law and the Ministry.

The list of the President's circuits is to be found in *Hill's Arrangement*. I haven't looked it up, for a catalogue of names would not suit my purpose, and I know little directly of these circuits. Yet I know the thing that chiefly counts. For Methodist ministers may be classified according to the fashion of their mornings. Some turn, while the day is fresh and their minds fresh too, to the drawing up of schedules and the making of the Plan and the answering of letters from circuit officers—and then give what time is left to study and the making of sermons and the care of their own souls. Others begin with these last, and yield the residues of time to the circuit machine. The difference may not seem great at first, but after a man has 'travelled' thirty years it is immeasurable. There is no doubt to which class W.R.M. belongs; for the choice, when looked at closely, is still the choice between law and the ministry. I have come and gone a little in two of the President's circuits, and I remember a story of a Quarterly Meeting sunk on its knees, and I have met people over whose faces a certain exalted look stole when one mentioned his name. He has had good congregations, I believe, but not many crowds, for the multitude rarely frequents the mountain-top. Those who heard his sermon at Conference will understand all this. The text was, 'The Lord be magnified. But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me.'

Meanwhile he began to be known by his speeches in Synod and Conference, particularly in the ' Conversation on the Work of God.' He began to be known because men could not help talking about what he said. To some few he was as a gadfly, but to many more he began to be a kind of external conscience. He was irritating, I think, partly because of his method of telling the truth. For his way was to isolate the part of the truth that needed telling, and to tell it with little if any modification or qualification. And of course it was only part of the truth. And many men, particularly such men as theological tutors, want to tell the whole truth at once, and this means that they hedge about the urgent part of it, until it is urgent no more. This is not Maltby's way. Consequently, when he spoke, a line of speakers followed who all began their speeches with ' Well, but, Mr. Chairman——' And they were technically and harmlessly right. But he was right, without any adverbs. For, to pass to the highest example, this way of telling the truth was the one that Jesus used. He was not so foolish as to try to tell all the truth at once. He told the part of it that the moment needed, and set it naked and clamant in the midst of men. That is one reason why He so irritated His contemporaries, and why it is so dangerous to-day to take any fragment of His teaching by itself. I don't suppose that Maltby has ever studied the method of his utterance much; but it is a good method, for it makes people stop and think, and it has the highest exemplar of all.

The President's Message.

But a good method is a smaller thing than a true message. What of the President's message? Well, people said that he was destructive, and they were right, for he was destructive of complacency and all trust in the ultimate value of machinery and in the sufficiency of a mighty past. But they said that Maltby was *merely* destructive, and there they were wrong. They said that he was a Jeremiah, and he is indeed of the lineage of that greatest of the Prophets; but then they forgot the story of Jeremiah's ' call.' He was sent not only ' to pull down and to destroy,' but also ' to build and to plant.' And he did both. There is nothing in the Old Testament more constructive than the thirty-first of Jeremiah. Usually it is called by some such name as the Oracle of Conscience; and it is that, but it is more. It is the Oracle of Fellowship—first of fellowship with God, and then, by consequence, of fellowship with men. And fellowship with God and men is the most constructive thing in the world.

Maltby's message is fellowship. Methodism, of all Churches, was petrifying fellowship. Maltby saw this, and it burned in his bones, and he has done what one man may to set it right. For years, I believe, he felt that he was like 'one crying in the wilderness,' yet all the while people were beginning to listen. Once a group of ministers were talking together after one of his speeches in Conference. They took it in turns to say, 'Well, but——' until only one had not said it. At length they asked him, 'And what do you think of Maltby?' 'I think,' said he, 'that he is the finest man among us.' We took our time, but gradually we have come to see that there is a prophet among us.

Swanwick and Fellowship.

I wonder if I might revert to the word 'fellowship' and be personal again. Only once, I think, have I felt that I must speak in the 'Conversation on the Work of God' in Conference. What I said doesn't matter. Afterwards Maltby took me by the arm and said, 'Smith, I think I know a fellowship that would suit you. It meets at Swanwick.' Now, I had never been to Swanwick, and did not like what I had read of it. I thought I could smell coterie and clique and something of 'peculiar people' about it. A few people still have this idea, but once many had it. Indeed, the name so threatened to become a stumbling-block that I once heard Maltby himself declare, half seriously, 'Any one who says "Swanwick" ought to be shot!' But I took his advice and went. And I discovered that 'Swanwick' is just a synonym for 'fellowship.'

I have only room for one instance. A dozen years ago or so a few of us met at Swanwick to wait upon God concerning the Methodist Class-Meeting. I will name no names save Bradfield's and Maltby's. We knew that this our old way of fellowship was growing mechanical in many and many a circuit. Could we do anything to help to save it? I think that God showed us our 'bit,' as He has shown and is showing others theirs. The 'School of Fellowship' in the first week of August is the outcome. The two men I have named were its makers. Maltby's ministry there is just a bit of his ministry, but it is a typical bit. His name is known now in almost every college and university in the kingdom. The Student Christian Movement sent him as its witness for Christ through the universities and colleges of India. We used to talk of the 'educated classes' as of a favoured few, but now they are a great multitude. How is it that everywhere 'W.R.M.' is a name to conjure with among

thousands of the young of these classes? No one can explain how, for it is impossible to anatomize life. Yet I will say four things:

Four Characteristics.

First, these young people value intellect, and Maltby is an intellectual athlete. This is the least of the four things, yet it is not a small thing. It is good to see an alert and trained and capable mind grapple with a hard subject.

Second, W.R.M. has a distinctive gift of humour. As one put it, 'He does not need to collect funny stories, for he is humorous himself.' His humour is sudden and penetrating. At times it overwhelms an opponent. It can be pungent.

The third thing can be put negatively—'W.R.M. has no "side"'; or positively, 'He puts himself easily in your place.' A high gift for spiritual uses! Multitudes of young men and women can say about the President, 'He understood at once, and he showed me the way.' This is to practise fellowship.

The fourth thing is chief of all, and it can be said by remembering Jeremiah. The background of his book is persistence in fellowship with God. The President would not like me to say that he has 'attained' here, but he would let me say that he does 'follow after if by any means he may attain.' The stress of his sermon at the Conference was on the first phrase in the text, 'The Lord be magnified.'

It was in my mind to say other things, but some I must omit and the rest I must epitomize. So far as I know, W.R.M. has not written much, but every one of the fourpenny 'Manuals of Fellowship' that bears his name—Philippians and Mark and the two on the Cross and the Resurrection of Jesus—is a nugget of gold. Recently the Glasgow University honoured itself by giving him its D.D. degree. It was well given for his services to university youth, but also there is more of hard theological thinking in those devotional manuals than in many an elaborate 'thesis.' Six years ago the Conference, after a confused discussion, but surely moved by the Holy Spirit, sent the future President to the Deaconess College at Ilkley. He has built no buildings there, nor raised great funds; but what he has done and is doing in spiritual ways for the ministry of women in our Church 'the day will declare.' Souls are more than bricks or money. And now we have rather piquantly set the critic of our great machine at its wheel! Yet not infrequently the piquant is the one right thing to do. It would have been a sorry Methodism that did not make William Russell Maltby President.

The Lord's Day—in Modern Light

By FRANK BALLARD, M.A., B.Sc., D.D.

I.

NO feature of modern life shows more plainly the great change in the religious atmosphere of this country during recent years than the growing indifference to the observance of Sunday as the Lord's Day. In order to appreciate the contrast between former times and the present in this regard, it is not necesary to go back to the times of the Puritans. Comparison of the English Sunday now with what was usual even fifty years ago is more than sufficient. The former atmosphere of peace and restfulness, when all shops were closed, all ordinary traffic suspended, public games prohibited, and places of amusement shut up, has gone—apparently for ever. We have instead, every Lord's Day in England, 250,000 shops open—40,000 in London alone—86,730 public-houses and drinking-clubs, which employ 350,000 barmen and barmaids; 13 Sunday newspapers in London alone, employing 50,000 persons; 500,000 people flock to the cinemas every Sunday evening in London; indeed, through the various Sunday employments, 2,000,000 persons do their ordinary work on Sunday, and their number is constantly increasing.

So we draw ever nearer to the ' Continental Sunday.' How far that is from being the Lord's Day—thanks to the anti-Christian development which the doctrines and practices of Romanism do little to check—every traveller knows. But the British Sunday has been so maintained as a sacred trust by all the Protestant Churches, that until recent years it has remained largely inviolate. Its importance as the Day of days for Christian faith is too manifest to need expression. It can scarcely be exaggerated. The whole question whether the Christianity of the future shall be a comparatively small esoteric society in the midst of a practically atheistic environment, or a national religion becoming more and more international, may truly be said to turn upon the maintenance or rejection of Sunday as the Lord's Day. All that is most true and sacred, most precious and inspiring, in Christian faith, is bound up with the recognition of that day, as deserving to be accounted different from the other days of the week.

The Changed Attitude of the People.

In regard to this question, it is only too easy to find an answer. Not one reason but many must be acknowledged as explaining why Sunday, even in this country, is so manifestly losing its Christian character, and becoming a mere secular holiday. We need only mention them here in brief summary. The vast increase in population, with the development of the liberty associated with democracy; the increased wear-and-tear of daily life, worry for men in business, monotony for hand workers, tend to make Sunday a mere *dies non*; the revolt from puritanic dullness and rigid restrictions has become more widespread and far-reaching; the recent terrible war, which then obliterated all sacredness from the Sundays, has left its mark of added and abiding religious indifference; during the summer, modern means of transport in trains, 'buses, trams, motor-cars, and charabancs have turned the day into an opportunity for travel as never before; whilst during the winter the marvellous development of wireless broadcasting has made myriads more content than ever to absent themselves from any religious public services without any home compensations; vast increase in continental travelling has familiarized great numbers with the 'Continental Sunday,' and its scornful disregard for all that is distinctively Christian on that day.

Then the unmeasured diffusion of higher education has not only made very many dissatisfied with public religious services, but has brought about a state of transition in regard to Christian doctrines generally, which leads many to sit loose to sanctions which they formerly revered; whilst the ceaseless, though insidious, opposition to everything Christian, on the part of 'Rationalist' Associations, Sunday Leagues, Ethical Societies, and the like, is bound to have both real and lasting effect; the Romish—and sometimes Anglican—ideal of going to Mass, in the morning, and 'do as you like for the rest of the day,' tends greatly to lessen any sense of sacredness for Sunday hours; and it must be confessed that, as a rule, Protestant preachers and Churches do little to make clear and impressive the true and happy ideal of what Sunday, as veritably the Lord's Day, ought to be, and might be.

On the whole, therefore, it is small wonder that even the British Sunday which has so long been, for its restful and gracious influences, the envy of other nations, and the immeasurable benediction of our own country, is losing its hallowed charm and tending to become a mere Bank Holiday.

The Christian Estimate of such Change.

All real Christians cannot but regard such a change as being for the worse, not for the better. But it is worse than useless simply to lament or denounce. There is very much that is also good in modern developments, both in the correction of former religious mistakes and the better understanding of the Christian gospel. The great and most lamentable, as well as mischievous, mistake of bygone days, was to identify the Lord's Day with the Jewish Sabbath, base it on the Fourth Commandment, and make all its restrictions to be binding upon the Christian conscience. One section of avowed Christians, known as ' Seventh Day Adventists,' still stubbornly maintains that attitude. But they no more keep that command, as it stands, than other Christians do. And they ignore all those worthy and potent reasons which led the early Christian Church to take the first day of the week, instead of the seventh, as the sacred Christian Day. This attempt to impose the Jewish Sabbath upon the Christian world, not only led to the tremendous reaction in Charles II's reign, after the preceding Puritan rigidity, but has contributed much to the succeeding misunderstanding and popular disregard of the Lord's Day.

Thus all the real comfort and rest, peace and happiness, liberty and inspiration, which belong to that day, and are so plainly and emphatically illustrated in the apostolic doctrine and practice, have been pitifully obscured, and in some cases wholly lost. It is only too true that part, large part, of the modern irreligious use of Sunday is due to genuine indifference, if not opposition, to Christian sanctions. But it is no less true that the persistent attempt by many well-meaning Christians to perpetuate the Jewish Sabbath in the Christian name, and on Old Testament authority, has been and yet is one most potent cause of the modern disregard for the Lord's Day. Men have seen both that no Christian living keeps the Fourth Commandment, and that for the times in which we live, however much it may be read—thoughtlessly—in churches, it is an utterly impossible ideal. Then, confusing it with the Christian Lord's Day, they have dismissed both alike as impracticable and negligible. The emphatic and measureless avowal of Christ Himself—' wherefore it is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day '—with all its significance, has been forgotten or underrated. The apostle summed it up, and applied it, in his letter to the Colossians (ii. 16, 17); and it remains to this day an unmistakable and abiding Christian principle.

Christianity in Action

By WILLIAM F. LOFTHOUSE, M.A., D.D.

THE NEW WAY IN THE NEW TESTAMENT

IN the infancy of the Church the new religion was often spoken of as a ' way.' Paul's purpose in going to Damascus was, if he found any ' of the way,' to arrest them. At Ephesus Paul's opponents ' spoke evil of the way ' before the multitude. Later on in the city there was a great uproar about ' the way.' In Jerusalem Paul confessed with shame that he had been a persecutor of ' the way '; while Felix at Caesarea, after hearing Paul's preliminary defence, grew quite curious about ' the way '; though, when he heard that it implied probity, self-control, and a sentence to be passed on his life, he trembled. The word had become practically a technical term.

With us the word has two more or less distinct meanings—it may mean a road, or a manner or fashion; there is a right and a wrong way, we say, of doing things. But in the passages we have just quoted the word means simply *road*. Christianity is a road or path. There might, of course, be other paths; and a common subject among the early preachers was the ' two roads.' ' There are two ways or roads of teaching and of power,' we read in what is known as the *Epistle of Barnabas*, written probably very shortly after the destruction of Jerusalem in 70 A.D. ' The one is of light and the other of darkness; and there is a great difference between the two ways.' The first way means love to God, humility, kindness, chastity, the avoidance of greed, insincerity, covetousness, and the like. The second is the way of idolatry, adultery, murder, pride, witchcraft, magic, and so on. The same sermon, almost in the same words, is found in another very early writing known as the *Teaching of the Twelve Apostles*.

The New ' Way ' meant Morality.

To read this gives the impression that Christianity was placed before the world as a system of conduct or morals; and not a very novel one either, since its basis is evidently the Decalogue; and most of what it emphasizes is to be found in the Old Testament and the writings of the Jewish Fathers. Such preaching, too, has its parallels in the New Testament; much of the Epistle of James is written exactly in the same tone; and several

of the Epistles of Paul end with exhortations to a moral life which would be quite familiar to men who knew the best mind of Judaism. A large portion of the teaching of Jesus Himself, as both Jewish and Christian writers have often pointed out, is composed of moral precepts which can be easily discovered in the teachings of the Synagogue and of Gentiles like Epictetus. And the kernel of the whole is clear enough in the great saying of a Jewish prophet, ' What doth the Lord require of thee but honesty and kindliness and a humble recognition of God? '

But if there was no more in ' the way ' than this, why did those who followed it impress society as a set of peculiar and astonishing people who ' turned the world upside down '? Why did those early travellers on the ' way,' instead of exciting the mild interest roused by Jews and the disciples of the philosophers, find themselves subject to periodic and often very bitter persecution, and end by founding a religion which was, and remains, a unique phenomenon in the world?

The reply will come readily enough. Jesus was not simply a teacher, but a Saviour. Others might say, ' This is the way; walk ye in it ': Jesus gave men the power actually to do so, with joy and triumph. But this is not enough. Jesus certainly did give a new power; but it was not merely the power to obey the Ten Commandments, and to fulfil all, and, more than all, the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees. And although it would be a magnificent boast to say, ' The Christian walks upright where others fall, and where they succumb to temptation he conquers '—would that it were always true!—every one who is acquainted with Christian literature would feel that something was wanting. What is it?

The New Way meant a New Attitude.

To find this out, we must revise our previous statement. The new ' way ' was the old and familiar way, and yet it was something more; or rather, to put the matter in different words, the new teaching dragged out into the light what was at best implicit and wrapped up in the old. Honesty, kindliness, humility—do they reside in the honest act, the kindly look, the humble bearing, or do they imply an attitude of mind and thought and will? Assuredly they do; otherwise we should have to expect to find Shylock and Mr. Pecksniff and Uriah Heap walking along the ' way.' And since conduct is a matter in which God is concerned, any view of it which is satisfied with an act or an expression is clearly absurd. All this is obvious enough; and yet it takes us

immediately a great deal farther than we might expect. For if right conduct implies a certain attitude to other people, what is that attitude?

Curiously enough, most systems of morality have refrained from attempting an answer to this question. They have contented themselves, in practice, with discussing what acts could be called right or wrong, with considering the place of the will in relation to the act, and the relation of a man's conception of his own interest to his reverence for the moral law or the supposed interests of society. One of the greatest of our writers on morals, the German philosopher Kant, expressly ruled out this matter of an attitude to other people altogether. 'You must not think of other people at all,' he said; 'you must think of nothing but the moral law.'

Again, however, the Christian has his answer. 'I know all about the attitude,' he will say; 'it is my duty to treat all men as my neighbours, and to love them.' This sounds better; and it only raises two difficulties, namely, that, as all the psychologists will tell us, love cannot be made into a duty, and that to love everybody, in the sense in which we use that word when we do it most honour, seems an impossibility and even an outrage. At any rate, how many of us have succeeded in doing so?

The New Way and 'Love.'

But we must not be frightened at this. Christianity certainly did seem, to its early critics at least, both an impossibility and an outrage. Perhaps it would seem so still if we, its exponents to a complacent world, understood it better. For what do we mean by 'love'? Not, of course, the romantic passion between the sexes. The scholar knows that the word actually used in the New Testament is one which never bears this connotation. Leave this out, and ask yourself what love means, whether between close friends or members of a united family. 'It means,' you will reply, 'three things—delight in personal intercourse with the beloved person, eager desire for his best interest, and readiness to do or surrender anything to secure it.' If we think of Jesus, this will exactly express His attitude, both to God His Father and to men whom He called His brothers; and if we think of ourselves, can we think of anything else as our proper attitude either to God or to men? And if we remember that at present human society seems very largely a tissue of quarrels, rivalries, open conflicts, and secret intrigues, and that we Christians are surrounded by people who have very much less of what we

consider valuable than we have, we shall see that love, so understood, translates itself into two other words—reconciliation and sharing.

To arrive at this point is not to leave the New Testament, but to come back to it; for what words are more solemnly or arrestingly used than these? What are more characteristic of the new way, whether we think of them in reference to God or to man? We are accustomed to divide our duties into two classes —duties to God and to man; but our two attitudes, to God and to man, seem capable of explanation only by one and the same set of terms. This is in fact the result of passing from the morality of act to the morality of attitude. God is a Person, and we must treat Him as such: men are persons, or are meant to be, and we must treat them as such also. But there is a difference. God is, or seeks to be, reconciled to us: we have to reconcile men, as they actually are in the world, to ourselves and to Him. God shares with us what He can induce us to receive (the word 'communion' means nothing but 'sharing'): we have to share with men what we can induce them to receive at our hands.

But we can go farther. After all, little is actually said, at least in the first three Gospels, about 'love'; the word occurs but rarely. Much is said about the 'Kingdom of God' or 'of Heaven.' What is this 'Kingdom'? It is obviously what we should call a society; a set of persons in relations of a certain kind to one another. And those relations are clear when we reflect that the society is one which is ruled by a father, and whose members are called brothers of one another. The Kingdom is a family!

The Kingdom and the Family.

Now it is clear that this great family of human beings, of which God is the head, is central in the thoughts of Jesus. Its nearness calls for all men to repent; it may start from the smallest beginnings, but all kinds of strange and uncouth people will press into it, while the most respected and eligible persons will find themselves outside. It is present, yet it is future; and membership in it is well worth suffering and agony, and that a man should surrender all he has to find his way into it. Are all men members of it? Clearly, no. Are they all meant to be? As clearly, yes. Being the great family that it is, it is composed of all who recognize God as their Father, and treat one another as brothers. But it is more than this. It is not simply a kind of

mutual benefit society;—' I will give to you as you give to me, and as God gives to us all.' ' Why,' says Jesus, ' that is no better than paganism.' God, as Jesus taught, is the Father of all men; alike of those who recognize His Fatherhood and their sonship, and of those who do not. He makes His sun to rise upon the evil and the good. But yet He cannot be in the complete sense their Father; for father is a relative term—the father implies the son. Therefore He cannot ' share ' with them as a father could share with those who knew themselves to be his sons; but He is eager to have them in this relation of sonship; His love is upon them all the time. From this it follows that the actual members of His Kingdom, the men who know themselves to be the sons of the Heavenly Father, and have come to love Him, will be full of the same eagerness: the member of the Kingdom will look on all men as his Father does; he will desire their truest interests; he will long to share with them all that he values—most of all the sense of being at home in his Father's house.

This is what is meant when we say that Christianity starts from the fatherly love of God. It is not uncommon, as we have said, to make a distinction between the first commandment and the second, to imagine that we can at any rate love God even when our love to man is weak or non-existent. A vain persuasion! There may be indeed a sentimental affection towards one who is simply thought of as a source of satisfaction and comfortable warmth, physical or spiritual. But when God is known as one to whom the interests of all (even of those of whom we find it most hard to be tolerant) are equally precious, and who longs for them to recognize Him as their Father, is it possible to conceive of any love to God, worthy of the name, which does not go out to others with something of the same yearning? There is no occasion to decide which of the two is the more important—love to man or love to God: the latter is impossible unless it shows itself in the former; and wherever the former truly exists, the essence of the latter will be there also.

Loving and ' Sharing.'

Such, then, is the ' way.' It will include all the morality which we found in the early preaching and in the New Testament itself. God's demand of ' righteousness ' has never changed—certainly it has not been put on one side by the proclamation of the gospel. But righteousness is the type of conduct which flows from the consciousness of a personal relation: ' from my know-

ledge,' as the Christian would say, ' that God has shared everything that He has with me; that He longs to do the same to every one around me; waking up in me the same longing to share with them whenever I think of His love to me.'

It is no wonder that the first preaching of this Kingdom was heralded by the call to repent, to change the mind and the attitude—for that is what the Greek word properly means. No one can deny that such an attitude does imply a complete *volte-face*, whether sudden or gradual in its action; a total ' transvaluation of values.' The change may have results as curious as Browning imagines to have been observed in Lazarus when he had been recalled to life from death by Jesus; when he might view a political catastrophe with placidity, but would be moved to the depths by a wanton wrong done to a child. On the other hand, given such a conversion, even in a small but resolute body of men, what might not be effected, what growth of mustard seeds to mighty trees, what removal of mountains?

We live in a world, it will be said, where we must take account of practical limitations—where mustard seeds do not grow into trees, and where mountains do not fly off into space. Perhaps the reason why the daring imagination of Jesus leaves us (if we are frank) with a smile of incredulity, is that we have seldom ventured to take quite seriously His doctrine of the Kingdom and our membership of it. We have pondered over the thought of God's love, and tried to find it real even though a thousand facts of experience shrieked against our creed. We have often forgotten that God's love, like everything else in our religion, must be understood, if at all, in terms of sharing; that joy itself must be ' in widest commonalty spread ' ; or, to put it in another fashion, that every follower of the ' way ' will be saying in his heart, as he mixes with his fellow-men in all the multifarious relations of life, ' I claim you for my Lord, my Father and yours.'

In the succeeding articles of this series it will be our task to consider some of these relations, and ask how the Christian laws of conduct apply in each of them. No attempt will be made to formulate laws or rules; to say, ' This is right, that is wrong.' The Christian has to remember that he is not ' under law '; that is, he is not in the position of one who can gain commendation by saying, ' I was told to do this, and I did it.' He is thinking all the time, as we have said repeatedly, in terms of persons, and of that sharing which is the true mark of personal

activity. For a person is more than an individual. His life is not one of action, but of action *and* reaction—of working for a common end, with means that are owned in common. He has passed, like the stricter monks of the mediaeval rule of Cluny, from the first personal pronoun singular to the plural, from ' mine ' to ' ours.' The things he values most deeply, ' love and hope and faith's transcendent dower,' joy in life and its beauty, and the sense of God's unfailing favour and the constant presence of Christ—these must be shared if they are to glow with their proper radiance; and what he cannot share in this manner, those material objects which the generality of mankind have agreed to call ' private property,' he will regard as dedicated to the great end sacred to all who share with him the membership of the heavenly society, and as thus, in some sort, consecrated into communion. The ' way ' of this love or fellowship is seen most easily in the Home, where we shall first look for it; but we must also see it in the School, the friendships of youth and manhood, the Workshop and the Factory, Recreation, Public Life, and the World Society of Nations and Races. And, in spite of many blank misgivings, we shall at least be sure of this: that, as we have often said, Christ is the solution of all our problems; and that, in varied aspects of life, it is ours to bear ourselves to others as ever remembering the love of the Father to us all.

Valiant Through Grace

By A. PRESTON HADWEN

As the dark looming mountain pine doth sway,
And, yielding to the passion of the wind,
Seems thus a perfect rhythm of grace to find
And mightier music makes,—my God, I pray,
Let Thou my life Thy Spirit's power obey,
Wake music in my soul and stir my mind,
That no deep-spreading roots to earth may bind
Or keep me from Thine ever-kindly sway.

For thus, through storm and tempest, Lord, I may,
Though weak of will, yet valiant be through grace,
And, when the strong in might are torn away,
May still stand fast and lift my humble face
To Him who did on Calvary display
The Power of Faith—the Lowliest of our Race!

Tales of our Village

By MRS. COULSON KERNAHAN

THE RETURN OF ANNA MARIA

'HAVE you heard?' exclaimed old Martin Price the cobbler, as he received a pair of already much-mended shoes from Miss Miffit, the village dressmaker, for further renovation.

'Heard what?' responded the young woman with a faint show of interest.

'Well now,' said the cobbler, 'maybe you've not been to no house, nor met no one this morning? It is early, I allow; but I thought news like that'd have got round.'

Martin Price looked up from his stool, rugged, unshaven, his bright little eyes amusedly searching the face of the young woman who blocked his doorway. For a customer to enter this cobbler's shop was almost impossible. It was a mere shed, of such small proportions that there was only room for Martin in the middle of it. All round, on rough shelves, were boots and shoes in varying states of dilapidation—or repaired ready for the owners to call for them.

Martin looked up with his bird-like glance at the young woman, whose almost pretty face showed impatience.

'Well now,' said old Martin, 'I had clean forgot that you've only been in Farley a few months. Of course you never heard of Anna Maria, and the way she went off and got married to a gentleman she met when she was lady's maid to Lady Bretton. She behaved uncommon queer about it too, for she never so much as told her folks what his name was. She just told them she'd got married to a gentleman who was visiting at Lady Bretton's, and that they were going to travel about for a year or two.'

Miss Miffit's interest grew. Hers had been a life without romance, and a draught second-hand was welcome.

'Who is she?' she asked.

'She's the only daughter of Target, who keeps that little grocer's shop by the Bowling Green. Dark as a gipsy she is, with wavy black hair, and a pair of black eyes that flash something wonderful; and the red and white in her face like a picture, and not paint and powder neither. She is tall and slim, which you would never think, to look at her mother and father, both so short and fat, and in no ways good-looking. It was six

years ago she got married, and her parents fretted something awful, not hearing from her, and thinking all sorts of things. Well, last night she steps out of the carrier's cart with a bit of luggage she could carry herself, and she goes into her father's shop just as he was putting up the shutters. My brother Bill, who as you know is sexton at St. Mary's, saw her go in. He was going to start the grave for old Powlet; and, as you know, Target's shop is close to the churchyard wall. He said that Anna Maria's face was white as a corpse, and that Target's face was no better when he saw his daughter. It's all over the village this morning about her coming back—and you've never heard! '

' What a queer thing, Mr. Price! ' ejaculated Miss Miffit. ' I'm going to Mrs. Target's this morning to fit her on with a dress! '

Miss Miffit hurried off; she had to collect her various professional implements—scissors, pins, needles, tacking-thread, tape measure, and sundries; also Mrs. Target's muslin dress (black with white sprigs on it), which was tacked together ready for fitting. Her pretty cottage jutted on the main street of the village, and was covered with thatch, like so many of the cottages in Farley. Even some of the few fine houses were thatched.

One of these, a large rambling place, parts of it dating back to the sixteenth century, was occupied by Sir John Laverdy, who was a notable portrait-painter. Sometimes Miss Miffit went to Farley Manor, as the house was called, to do a week's work in renovation of Lady Laverdy's wardrobe, in which she was assisted by Lady Laverdy's French maid, whom Miss Miffit heartily detested. She had just terminated a week there, so there had been a delay about Mrs. Target's dress. As she entered her rose-clad cottage, she suddenly remembered that Yvonne, the French maid, had said that Lady Bretton was due on a visit to Lady Laverdy. This was very thrilling and exciting in view of what the cobbler had just told her. It was a queer coincidence that this former lady's maid should have come back to the village almost at the same time as her former mistress.

It was not yet ten o'clock, but a June sun was pouring down heat waves that suggested August. Miss Miffit changed her hot coat and skirt for a cool cotton frock before going to Mrs. Target. For some reason she pinned a lavender bow to her muslin collar. Romance was afoot, and she vaguely wanted a share in it. The little lavender bow aided some scarcely-defined but distinctly pleasurable illusion.

When at last she presented herself at the side door of Target's

shop, and had raised the knocker to bring it down with a crescendo of rapid taps, she found her heart echoing the sound. It was beating tumultuously.

Mrs. Target's stout figure appeared almost at once. She looked hot and flustered, but gave a cheery ' Good morning ' and ' Come in ' to the dressmaker, whom she conducted along the narrow passage to the best parlour, which looked out on a pretty walled garden at the back.

This best parlour Miss Miffit knew well. It never changed,—the woolwork pictures on the walls; the looking-glass over the chimney-piece, decorated with perforated yellow paper; the oval table in the middle of the room, on which reposed wax flowers under a glass shade, and several books, ranged round at intervals; the small table by the window, round, and spindle-legged, where, over a white crochet mat, the family Bible was placed; the horsehair sofa and chairs, the gaudily-flowered carpet. Added to all this, was a familiar stuffiness which clings to an unused room. Mrs. Target opened the window and closed the door with an air at once of importance and of mystery. The scent of roses came in and overcame the stuffiness.

' Sit you down a minute, Miss Miffit,' said Mrs. Target, who herself dropped heavily into an arm-chair near the window. ' I don't rightly know if I'm on my head or my heels this morning —that I don't. My Anna Maria, who got married and went off to France six years ago, and never wrote nothing after just telling us she'd married a gentleman, come back last night; and, believe me, Miss Miffit, I don't know my own daughter! It's Anna Maria right enough, yet she's that different, I feel afraid to act like the mother I am. She's got that quiet way of the ladies at the Manor House. She is somehow quite above us. She is affectionate—more than before she went away with that husband we don't know the name of—and I can see she's glad, yes glad, to see the old home; and her dad and me she looks at real tender: but she's someone else. We don't even know why she's come home yet. Dad said, " Let her alone, don't get asking questions. Give her time." I followed what he said; so up to now I know nothing, no more than old Powlet, whose grave Bill Price is making. I've just took her up some breakfast, she being tired-like, and her look as she sat up in the bed she'd slept in for years was like—well, Miss Miffit, like a fish out of water: her fine cambric and lace, and a satin thing hanging over the foot of the bed like Lady Laverdy wears when she gets up of a morning, which I know because you told me about it.'

Miss Miffit broke in. ' Oh, that's a dressing-gown. I expect, from what you say, your daughter's husband is well off. I wonder why she came back like this? Perhaps they have quarrelled? '

' She does look as if she'd something on her mind,' Mrs. Target confessed. ' Maybe she doesn't think she's treated her father and me fair, which is the truth; but, as he says, I must give her time. He and I hold that a child is a child whatever the child does; and if so be the child does wrong even, it is for the father and mother to throw nothing at her, but be what Target calls a harbour of refuge for her. We gave her a good education at a school at Hastings, and maybe with her good looks she got discontented-like. Dad is in the shop now, doing his work just the same as if Anna Maria hadn't come home; and I must take pattern by him, and do what I have to do: so I'll get my dress fitted, and maybe it will make me more comfortable to go to chapel with my daughter next Sunday if she'll come. You see, I don't want to shame her with my clothes. Maybe you'll get it finished in time, Miss Miffit? '

' I will if I stay up all night,' answered the dressmaker, whose whole heart had gone out in sympathy to this simple good woman, who was so evidently distressed and agitated. ' This is only Tuesday.' Secretly she resolved to make this dress look extra well. She had by her a few yards of beautiful black lace, which she had had given her by an aunt. That lace she would put on Mrs. Target's gown. She would explain somehow to Mrs. Target afterwards.

As she went away she was curiously thrilled. She was at least mixed up with a romance. She found herself longing for a sight of this woman called Anna Maria, who had been a lady's maid and had married a gentleman. As she walked down the street in the brilliant June sunlight, her imagination was weaving all sorts of stories which might fit the experience of Anna Maria.

In the meantime the subject of her thoughts had risen and dressed in the low-ceilinged bedroom, which held for her memories of childhood and of girlhood. The old mirror, despite its mottled condition from damp, reflected a very beautiful woman, as she arranged the masses of wavy black hair. The great black eyes were sad and grave, it is true, and the colour in her cheeks of which the cobbler had spoken to Miss Miffit was absent. Her face was very pale. But there was control in the set of the lips, and determination in the poise of the figure. She

had more than one ordeal to face. She had come home for more than one purpose. Both must be fulfilled.

A lump came into her throat as she remembered the loving, unquestioning reception given her last night by her dear, simple Christian parents. She had nearly broken down and sobbed at family prayers, when her father had thanked God for restoring their daughter to them. Yet this morning she had been quite controlled when her mother had brought in her breakfast. She had not dared to lose grip of herself, even by giving way to the demonstration of affection that welled up in her heart, as the dear familiar face of the mother bent over her. She had something she must do before she made a clean breast of everything to those dear, unreproachful parents.

To this end she dressed herself with extreme care. She chose a grey soft-silk gown, with a coat of the same material, and placed on her dark head a little black hat which, though so simple, would be stamped Paris to any woman who understood. She took a pair of new grey suede gloves from her suit-case; and then, with a final glance at the mottled mirror, descended the narrow steep-stepped staircase which terminated in the kitchen. She found her mother busy with gooseberries, which were destined for a pie at dinner-time.

'Mother dear,' she said, as she bent over and kissed her, 'when I come back I'll tell you everything. I'm going to see Lady Bretton. Don't worry—you and dad. There's nothing to be ashamed of that you'll hear, though I have served you so badly.'

The mother forced her tears back as she embraced the daughter. 'I am good at waiting, Anna Maria, my lamb; I've—I've had practice at it,' she said brokenly.

'Mother dear, I daren't give way, I've something to do first. Tell dad I'll be back to dinner. Tell him I am your own girl back again—for good.'

With this she opened the door which led into the sunlit street, and walked past the walled Bowling Green, with its border of elm-trees, past St. Mary's Church, past the Wesleyan Chapel which her parents attended, and where she had gone with them so often in old dear days.

A late cuckoo was calling as she entered a lane bordered by pine woods, which meandered with many turnings, till it reached a main road, on which stood the old thatched residence of Sir John Laverdy, vast and straggling, amid a riot of flowers, in an old-world garden. A very short carriage drive led to the house; but, behind, the gardens stretched to far-distant woods.

She firmly made her way to the quaint churchlike front door, and pulled a bell which hung from a chain.

The door was opened by a footman, who failed to altogether hide his astonishment at seeing a stranger, he took for a lady, at that early hour. It was only eleven o'clock.

'Lady Bretton is here, I believe?' she said.

The footman acknowledged the fact, but stated that her ladyship was not downstairs yet.

'Please give her this letter,' she said, 'and say I will wait.'

The footman asked her to come into the hall, which was furnished as a lounge, and to take a seat.

She watched him disappear along a corridor, and presently saw a maid with the letter in her hand ascend the great staircase with its shallow steps of black oak.

Almost unconsciously she took in her surroundings—the oak-beamed ceiling, the huge fireplace, where palms now stood, the polished floor, with skins of bears and an Oriental carpet square, the trophies of hunts upon the oak-panelled walls, the big oak chests, the coloured reflections of a stained-glass window.

Presently the maid tripped down the staircase, and, advancing to where Anna Maria sat, said, 'Her ladyship will see you, madam. Will you please come this way?'

Anna Maria followed the maid, and, conscious of a wildly-beating heart, found herself at last entering a luxurious chamber, where a grey-haired woman sat, garbed in a pale grey dressing-gown. She knew that the maid had withdrawn, and that the door was closed. A kind of terror seized her, but she was outwardly calm.

'So, Marie, you have come back—why?' asked Lady Bretton coldly.

'I have come, my lady, because there is a great necessity,' answered Anna Maria in a steady voice.

'I suppose you are come to tell me that that young profligate Lord Ballaster, with whom I suppose you ran away, never married you, and forsook you, Marie? I did think you too sensible, too refined, to have so committed yourself. Surely you might have known how it would be? A man in that position does not marry a woman in yours. Why were you so blind, so foolish? I don't mind telling you that I liked you so much, that it was a great grief to me that you should have run away with one of my guests. I knew—of course I knew—that it would end in tragedy for you. But if you are in trouble, I desire to help you. Sit down, Marie. You are trembling.'

All the coldness had passed out of Lady Bretton's voice. Anna Maria sat down. She clutched for a moment at her throat with a slim gloved hand. Then she mastered her emotion, and spoke in a level low voice.

'My lady, I did not go away with Lord Ballaster. The man I went away with married me. Oh, it was all in order, and here is my marriage certificate. (She handed it to Lady Bretton, who did not then examine it.) The man I married put me to school in Paris for a time. He stayed near by every few months. He came to see how I got on. I got it into my head that he was disappointed I did not improve faster. Then I got very depressed about my parents. You see, I had not dared to tell them because the man I had married was not a "believer"—I mean he had no religion. I loved him too, and I began to see I should be a wife he would in the end be ashamed of. I could never have endured that, my lady. So I disappeared, and I did a wicked thing. I put a notice of my death in a paper, and got it sent to him. I know he came to verify it; but I had planned it so well he was deceived. I took a situation again as lady's maid. I was broken-hearted; but I had freed him, I thought. I—oh, I never thought!—I was so ignorant, so foolish—I never thought he might marry again! Well, I saw an announcement in a paper of his engagement to a lady of his own rank. Then I knew I must come back, and prevent his so wronging himself and another woman. I had got to let him know that I was alive.'

'Have you let him know?' inquired Lady Bretton.

'Not yet, my lady,' she answered in a low strained voice. 'I came to you, for you were a dear good mistress. I wanted to tell you first. I was going to your own home to tell you, and then I heard someone in the train say you had come to stay with Lady Laverdy. I only came to Farley last night. I came from Hastings in the carrier's cart. Oh, my lady, I know I did very, very wrong in letting him marry me; but I loved him so, and he begged and begged. I was young and foolish. I might have known I was doing wrong to marry secretly like that one who was above me. It was cruel to my dear, dear parents too. There were times when I felt so wretched I even thought of really ending my life. To be without him I loved, to feel how I had wronged my parents, and how I had played you false after you had been so good to me.'

Great tears stole silently down her cheeks.

Lady Bretton rose, and came over to her. 'Don't cry so!' she said gently. 'You loved him; you married not wisely, but

yet for love. I loved my husband. I have lost him by death. Oh, I am not going to reproach you! Now, child, tell me his name.'

'Oh, my lady, how can I!' cried Anna Maria, sobbing.

'Yes—yes, I must know,' insisted Lady Bretton.

Anna Maria covered her face with her hands, but through her fingers words came which caused Lady Bretton to catch her breath.

'It was your son, my lady, your dear son you love so well! Oh, don't be angry that I love him too! But now he has forgotten, or he would not be going to marry someone else.'

'Cecil!—my Cecil!—he married you!' came in low, startled tones from Lady Bretton's pale lips. 'And I never suspected. You—you went with him, I suppose, when I sent him to Paris to follow his wish to study art there?'

'Yes, my lady; but we were married first at the Registry Office. I somehow felt it was not lucky to be married like that. It would have seemed different if we'd been married in God's house. But Cecil, as you know, my lady, didn't believe in religion.'

Lady Bretton sighed deeply, but spoke no word.

Anna Maria went bravely on.

'But I couldn't forget the Christian home I'd been brought up in, and I found a Wesleyan chapel in Paris, where I went sometimes, and that was both a comfort and an anguish. Cecil didn't like me to go there, so I left off. This was the first thing that made me realize that I had made a terrible mistake. I wanted to go out of his life and leave him free. I wanted to be dead to my dear parents I had shamed. I did want to end my life; but I couldn't face God, and if I took my life I'd have to do that. I felt I'd cut myself off from my own folks, and that Cecil would one day wish he'd never married me. I would never have let him know I was alive now, but for seeing the announcement of his engagement. I ought to have known that might happen.'

She ceased speaking, as if she had come to the length of her tether. Her great black eyes were fixed upon her former mistress. Their tragic misery made a final appeal.

'Marie,' said Lady Bretton softly, 'since I lost my dear husband I have seen many things in a new light. I have come to know that love is the great gift of God. It is so great, so holy a gift, that it is to be treated with gratitude and with reverence. You loved my boy. You acted on impulse. You never thought that you were causing pain to your parents—that came after. You acted very foolishly when you made your husband believe that you were dead; but this you at least did from a really unselfish motive. Throughout you were more foolish than

wicked—though wicked you believed yourself to be. Now listen to me. Your husband has never ceased to mourn you. I thought he had loved and lost some girl he could never forget. I never questioned him. It is not my way. He told me nothing. I persuaded him, with great difficulty, to consent to marry a girl who I thought might make his life a little happier. I did not feel sure she would consent, as the man she had given her heart to had died. I think she consented out of pity for Cecil. There is no love between them. Marie, you must go back to him. He wants you. I know it now. I can arrange it all. Oh, child, I am thankful to think you have brought me the chance of making my poor boy happy. You must teach him your faith in God. That I know has never really left you, even in your worst moments. Since I lost my husband I have learnt to pray. To-morrow Cecil will be here. We two together will come to you at your father's house in the evening.'

'But, my lady!' gasped Anna Maria.

'You must not call me that any more, Marie. You are now my daughter. And you do not seem to realize that you are now Lady Bretton! Cecil came into the title at his father's death.'

There came a tap on the door, and a man's voice said, 'May I come in, mother?'

Anna Maria, at a sign from her former mistress, entered a dressing-room, where a portière stretched across the entrance.

'Come in, my son,' Lady Bretton softly called.

A man of about thirty entered, with a slower gait than was befitting his years. His face was haggard, and there was no youth in his eyes. He embraced his mother, but without that joyousness which she remembered in meetings far back.

'Mother dear, I can't go through with it,' he began as he stood almost abjectly before her. 'I can't marry. I consented just to please you; also nothing seemed to matter. I have a confession to make. Try to be forgiving, dear mother. You have always been so good to me. I married when I was twenty-four secretly. She died. I cannot forget her. I loved her so. I love her still. She was not of our class. Her dear good old parents have a small grocer's shop in this very village. Mother, she was your own personal maid Marie. Give me your sympathy—your help. I need both. I know I did wrong, but you have never yet failed me. Mother, I can't go through with this marriage. I am wedded to my Marie in her grave in France.'

He sank on his knees at her feet, and buried his face in her lap.

On the other side of the portière Anna Maria had heard all.

She leaned for support against the doorpost. Her heart beat wildly. Happiness is sometimes harder to bear than grief.

Something was going on, words were being spoken in the next room. She could no longer hear intelligently or understand. She was conscious only of the sound of voices, which seemed to go on eternally, yet she was full of some vague undefined joy.

By-and-by she was roused to a fuller consciousness by the sound of a dear familiar voice calling, ' Marie ! '

Then she found herself enfolded in her husband's arms.

The mother found herself silently weeping, though a glad light illumined her face. She heard her Cecil say, ' Darling, so you have not told your parents whom you married. Come, my car is outside. We will go and tell them together.'

An Interpreter of Wesley

By THE EDITOR

WE have had to say loving good-bye to a much-esteemed contributor, Dr. George Eayrs, who left us on October 25, at the age of sixty-one. He had entered so closely into the mind of Wesley, that he had been able to open up new views of his many-sided character and genius. Dr. Eayrs' influence in the establishment of Wesley's Day, which promises to be a permanent memorial of our Founder, is only part of the debt we owe to him. He gloried in Wesley's ' interpretation of the universe in terms of Christian experience which grows in acceptance everywhere. His teaching concerning God as Holy Love, and concerning Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit, has prevailed and spread. So has that concerning every man's need of God and the possibility of response to God by every man.'

That is the kernel of his fresh and important study of *Wesley, Christian Philosopher and Church Founder,* which we are glad to know is making an impression on both sides of the Atlantic.

As Dr. Eayrs lay in weakness, the Wesley hymns seemed constantly to come to his lips. He was full of Christ and busy even in those days in winning souls. One can understand something of the joy he must have felt when the burden of the flesh fell off whilst he lay sleeping and as he entered into the presence of his Lord, and found himself in the great company that he had loved so much on earth.

His wife and children have been borne up by many prayers, and feel that ' the best of all is God is with them.'

On Taking and Keeping Office in the Church

By HERSTON TRAVERS

ONE of the trials of a minister's life is the depressing work of trying to persuade unwilling workers to take office. We all know that life generally is far more strenuous than it used to be in our fathers' day; but it must also be remembered that working hours are shorter now for the majority of our church members. The trouble is that we fill our lives with so many other things and interests, and the Church must take the leavings. It is so fatally easy to sing with great fervour hymns on 'Service and Influence,' and then when we are asked to serve our fervour has evaporated.

If you look in the Subject Index of our *Methodist Hymn-Book* for 'Service,' you will find you are referred to 'Believers working for God'—not believers taking office in the Church. They ought to mean one and the same thing, of course, but we do not always think of it in the same way.

To be asked to fill even the humblest office in the Church is an honour. Can we not accept the office graciously instead of complaining of the time we shall have to give up to it? God loveth a cheerful giver of time and energy as well as money, but we do not always realize it.

One of the hymns referred to in the Subject Index under 'Believers working for God' is 583. We do not often sing it now; but if, when we take office, we go to our work in the spirit of these two verses, the irksome will become easier, and the gracious tact required for dealing with men and matters will be given:

Summoned my labour to renew,
And glad to act my part,
Lord, in Thy name my work I do,
And with a single heart.

End of my every action Thou,
In all things Thee I see:
Accept my hallowed labour now,
I do it unto Thee.

It has been said many times that if the same care, thought, and devotion were given to church affairs that some laymen

give to their business, many problems would be solved. The voluntary and the paid labour can never be quite the same; but surely we can all be as dependable in one as in the other. The church worker who can be relied upon to carry out his or her work efficiently, conscientiously, and unostentatiously, is indeed a boon to any Church.

It is difficult, I know, for those who in business life control large staffs of workers, to realize that in church life they are not the one and only head of affairs, but have to work with committees and often sink their own individualities to some extent. We all know that there are some ' brethren and sisters ' who magnify their offices in the Church and irritate others by fuss.

Holding office in the Church is not by any means always an easy task, but one that calls for much patience.

I heard a devoted chapel steward say with a groan, ' Who would be a chapel steward? ' Poor man, he had just had three points of view pressed upon his notice. One irate lady considered that the chapel was terribly overheated, another bald-headed brother complained of awful draughts, and a third—a young man—wanted to know why all the windows were not open. It is impossible to please everybody in these matters; but a model chapel steward I once knew solved the problem by remaining behind after the morning service and going early before the evening service to open all doors and windows. A really pure, warm atmosphere greeted the congregation instead of the usual feeling of microbes warmed up in stuffiness, which is the lot of some of us even in these days. It meant a good deal of self-denial to give up the extra time, but it was done without fuss; and few realized, perhaps, why the church was so comfortable, and why they could listen without feeling overtired and dull of brain. This point may seem to be a mere trifle to be mentioned, yet ' a little thing is a little thing, but faithfulness in little things is a very great thing.'

In all offices in our Church, including the Sunday School, Wesley Guild, and other societies, let us remember that a reverent spirit and manner when on church premises creates an atmosphere for the worshippers. A visitor to a well-known London church told me that, by the manners of the sidesmen, he felt as if he was in a lecture-hall rather than a church. They even spoke across the pews to each other inquiring about seating accommodation. They were kindly, but too talkative; and the atmosphere seemed more like that of a jolly crowd waiting for a

popular lecture than a company of worshippers. The office of circuit steward is perhaps the one of all others which calls for gracious tactfulness. From the first welcome given to the incoming minister, through all the difficulties of finance, quarterly, and invitation committee meetings, and the more personal contact with the minister and his wife in supplying the manse with necessities, until the steward goes out of office—what a fund of good sense he needs! We often hear that local preachers are the backbone of Methodism; but what of the large army of devoted men who undertake the really arduous tasks of being circuit stewards amongst us?

Many offices in our Church have a certain regularity in the length of time they are held; but there are some posts, though election takes place annually, which come to be considered as 'life jobs.' Perhaps this is particularly the case with the superintendents of Sunday Schools. It is so easy to thank and re-elect, even if nearly all present know a change would be beneficial—in fact, sometimes it is a crying need.

There are many minor offices in our Church which are less in the public eye than those already mentioned, but which are nevertheless of great importance. To be a collector for any fund is an office calling for the very greatest tact. Some people really enjoy collecting whilst others shrink from it. In this work it is so easy to fall into a perfunctory way. If a collector can infuse into a difficult task a kindly understanding of other people's circumstances, coupled with enthusiasm for the fund, a great thing has been accomplished. To make the subscriber feel the gift is a gift to God and not an amount on a list should be the aim of every collector. I have been interviewed by some collectors who adopt the 'pistol at your head, stand and deliver' attitude. In these days of exceptional financial strain it is best not to say, 'I have called for your usual subscription.' Some of us remember extremely painful interviews when we were obliged to reduce or entirely give up the subscription we should have been so glad to give if we could; but the collector has thought it his duty to coax or argue, and has even sometimes made it a personal grievance.

It is so easy to be full of enthusiasm at first over our new office and to work our best. But perhaps the glamour departs, the work becomes monotonous, and we are bored by it. It is then that we have to remember that we are not merely taking office in the Church, but 'Believers working for God.'

Reminiscences

By J. SCOTT LIDGETT, M.A., D.D.

I.

THE Editor of *The Methodist Magazine* has very kindly invited me, on the completion of fifty years of ministry in the Wesleyan Methodist Church, to contribute some reminiscences as likely to be of interest to its readers. After some hesitation I have consented to do so, overcoming a strong reluctance to speak of matters personal to myself, because I feel that some of the experiences and incidents I am about to narrate are of permanent interest to the Church I have sought to serve.

Paternal Grandparents.

It is necessary for me to begin by saying something of my ancestry. Both my paternal grandparents were brought up in the Established Church; but both came under strong religious influences in early life, and were led to find in Methodism the spiritual fellowship in which their Christian life could best be strengthened and developed. My grandfather, John Lidgett, born in Hull in the year 1800, was of mixed aristocratic and commercial, of partly English and partly Scottish, descent; his grandmother being a Pierrepont and related to the then Duke of Kingston; another ancestor being a MacIntosh, who was slain fighting for Prince Charlie in 1745.

Left fatherless in his early boyhood, John Lidgett felt the lure of the sea, and became a sailor, rising to the command of a vessel in his early twenties, and becoming subsequently a successful shipowner in the City of London. While preparing to go to sea, the boy had been laid hold of by 'Daddy' Post, an old Methodist gate-keeper at the Hull Docks, who lay in wait for the boys who frequented the Docks, in order to bring them to religious decision. This encounter (for so at first it was) became the turning-point of his history; for my grandfather, while characterized throughout his life by great courage, enterprise, and business capacity, became, above all, a saint. To say this is not to be guilty of exaggeration. I well remember his transfigured countenance when I was taken to his deathbed in 1861, and he bade me 'meet him in heaven.'

On reaching the Port of London, after one of his early voyages, my grandfather met with his future wife, Anne Hyett, of Gloucester, who had come to London to fare for herself in consequence of family opposition on her having 'turned

Methodist.' She was of Huguenot descent. An ancestor, Augustin Courtauld, came to England at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His grand-daughter married into the family of Jacob, who came over from Metz later on. Eventually they settled in Gloucester, and their grand-daughter married into the family of Hyett, a member of which was Constable of Gloucester and represented the County in Parliament from 1722 to 1727. The family was also related to John Moore, who was Archbishop of Canterbury from 1783 to 1805.

Owing to causes that I need not narrate, my grandmother's parents were in reduced circumstances, and my grandmother endured some hardness in her youth. She was a remarkable woman, adding to her deep religious convictions great vivacity, keen and wide intellectual interests, and, not least of all, intense ambition, not so much for the material prosperity as for the education and intellectual development, first of her children, and afterwards of her grandchildren. In this last respect, the high and exacting standards she set before me, as well as the stimulating effect of her conversation, have exerted a lifelong influence upon me.

Maternal Grandparents.

My maternal grandfather, John Scott, was the son of a farmer at Copmanthorpe, near York. His mother, who had heard John Wesley, had become an earnest Methodist, and at an early age he entered the Wesleyan Methodist ministry in 1811. Endowed with deep devotion, great dignity of character, and remarkable sagacity, he early became a trusted lieutenant of Dr. Bunting, exercised a moderating influence in the painful controversies of 1849, and was twice President of the Conference—in 1843 and in 1852. A constructive ecclesiastical statesman in the best sense, he was concerned in every department of Methodism and in every policy of connexional advance. His most eminent services, however, were in the sphere of Education. Those were the days when the need of popular education was convincing the mind and stirring the conscience of Christian people in all denominations. Following upon the establishment of ' National ' and ' British ' Schools, the Wesleyan Conference set out to found a system of its own. A Connexional Education Committee was appointed, and John Scott was its Chairman from 1843 to the time of his death at the beginning of 1868. By his efforts Westminster College was built, and he became its Principal throughout the eventful years when Wesleyan Day Schools were being founded in all parts of the country.

At Westminster John Scott became the head of a remarkable band of colleagues, whose devotion to the cause of Education was so vital a part of their Christian consecration that they regarded their work as a sacred calling in the strictest sense. Among these, perhaps William Sugden, James Bailey, and Charles Mansford are the best remembered. Drawing was taught by James Smetham the artist, whose published letters are likely to become a literary classic and whose deep spirituality coloured all his art. The health of the College was committed to the care of William Kitchin Parker, subsequently F.R.S. Hunterian Professor of Anatomy, the friend and fellow-worker of Huxley, who combined, in his eager spirit and restless mind, an early acceptance of Darwinism, concentrated and highly skilful efforts to work the doctrine out and verify it in embryology, with the deep and satisfying enjoyment of the Wesleyan Hymn-Book and the Class-Meeting, in which he took refuge from the intellectual difficulties of scientific speculation.

Matthew Arnold was the Government Inspector of the College, and was in close contact with my grandfather. Only a few years ago an educationist who was engaged in searching out the history of Elementary Education in the Early Victorian period, inquired of me whether I was related to John Scott; and when I told him that I was his grandson, he informed me that, in searching the records at the Board of Education, he found what a great part John Scott had played, and that, whenever a suggestion was made either by or to Matthew Arnold, he had been accustomed to remark, ' I must consult Scott about it.' The deep impression made by him in educational affairs was described by the late Lord Thring in a letter to Dr. Rigg, which is published in the life of the latter (p. 167).

Only recently I had fresh evidence of the outstanding qualities of this work. The Secretary of the Consultative Committee of the Board of Education applied to me for information as to the time-tables in Wesleyan Schools during the fifties and early sixties of last century, which he had been told by Sir Michael Sadler were of special importance. I had the pleasure of calling attention to John Scott's Inaugural Address, delivered to the Westminster students in 1862, when the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, in the interests of so-called economy, was seeking to restrict the development of Elementary Education, and, for that purpose, to establish the baneful system of payment by results.

This address, which was formally adopted and published by the Wesleyan Education Committee, has the heading, ' The

Working Classes Entitled to a Good Education.' In the course of it my grandfather declared ' that the education provided in Wesleyan Schools *must be good,* and that it cannot be *too good* for those who are to receive it.' He asked with indignation, ' Must that largest class of children, to whom " the Lord, the Maker of them all " has given capabilities equal in every respect to the children of the classes above them, be restricted to something much humbler than this generous ideal of education? ' He claimed that in this matter Wesleyans would ' prove themselves to be, as they have ever been, the true friends of the people.' ' If,' he added, ' the improvement in the humbler classes obliges the middle and even the higher classes to do something further for their own elevation in the social scale, the Wesleyans will the more rejoice.' So he reached his italicized conclusion,—' That as good an education should be given to the poor as their children can receive.' The whole address is so modern and progressive in its outlook that I have more than once made extensive quotations from it in School Board and subsequent educational contests. From time to time, throughout all the years of my ministry, it has been my joy to meet with men and women who have told me how much they owed to his personal guidance and wise counsels.

My maternal grandmother, Maria Scott, was the daughter of a Sheffield manufacturer. In her early life she had been a favourite of Dr. Adam Clarke. Owing to this and to her later associations, she was a storehouse of information as to the leading personalities of Methodism from the closing years of Wesley onwards. Her striking beauty had been marred by years of intense suffering, due largely to the climate of Westminster, and borne with marvellous fortitude and patience. On removal to our home at Blackheath after her husband's death, she quickly recovered, and in tranquillity was wont to pour out these personal memories for the benefit of her grandchildren. The great names of Adam Clarke, Richard Watson, James Dixon, Robert Newton, and a host more were household words.

Influences that Shaped my Early Life.

It was under the influences I have described that my early life was shaped and my outlook determined. My father, John Jacob Lidgett, inherited to the full all the high qualities of his parents. A successful man of business, he divided his leisure between pursuits of mental culture and works of church service and Christian philanthropy. Broad in outlook and unspeakably tender, he was buoyant in spirit, full of wit and humour,

eloquent in speech, and wonderfully tactful, though firm, in his handling of men and affairs. He had made his mark as a coming man in the counsels of Methodism, and was expected to play a distinguished part in public affairs, when premature death came to him in 1869, before I was fifteen years of age. At his passing, men who had known him in the City remarked, ' If ever there were a Christian in business, he was one.' On the eve of my entering the ministry my mother informed me that it had been my father's constant prayer that God would call me to this work.

My mother, never robust in health, though she lived to a great age, helped to found and eventually became President of what is now known as the Women's Auxiliary. To this society she gave all the attention that could be spared from the claims of home and hospitality. Widowed at a time of considerable financial uncertainty, she made me the confidant of her anxieties, and thus I grew up, somewhat heavily weighted in my later 'teens by religious influences and domestic concerns.

The effects of these relationships upon my early life were very great. To begin with, I was brought up in the inner circle of the Wesleyan ministry. Taken as an infant to the deathbed of Dr. Bunting to receive his blessing, I was brought into frequent contact with the outstanding ministers of the Connexion. When I became President of the Conference in 1908, I studied the list of my predecessors, and discovered that I had been personally acquainted with fifty of the ninety-one individual Presidents who had held office since the death of Wesley. After I had resolved to offer myself as a candidate for the ministry, I received much valuable help, counsel, and instruction from the Revs. George Bowden, George W. Olver, and Samuel Coley. Of even greater importance was the advice given to me by Dr. W. F. Moulton and Dr. W. B. Pope in the later stages of my preparation.

In the next place, my sense of calling and my associations resulted in a certain precocity in regard to Christian work. I became a Sunday-school teacher in East Greenwich soon after I was fifteen, raised funds in the same year, chiefly from the friends of my late father, to equip the schoolroom in East Greenwich as a Wesleyan Day School, and preached my first sermon in the same building when I was sixteen and a half. At the same time I became a district visitor in one of the poorest river-side slums of East Greenwich, was made a class-leader at eighteen, and superintendent of the Blackheath Sunday School at twenty.

[*To be continued*]

An English Lady in Baghdad

By JOHN TELFORD, B.A.

MISS GERTRUDE BELL died in her sleep at Baghdad last July. She was Oriental Secretary to the High Commissioner for Iraq, and had won a unique position as the friend of the Arab race. Her father is Sir Hugh Bell, the great Yorkshire ironmaster; and after taking a First Class in History at Oxford in 1887, she went out to Teheran, where her uncle, Sir Frank Lascelles, was British Minister. Persia soon cast its spell about the English girl, but Arab life and literature gradually became her chief delight. Doughty's *Travels in Arabia Deserta* fascinated her, and she became a traveller who won the confidence of the bedouins by reciting passages from the old desert poets, and moved along the lands that border the Tigris and Euphrates and across the Arabian peninsula without any European companion, but safe in the care of her Armenian friend and servant Fattuh, whose resourcefulness and loyalty never failed.

Her Service to the Empire.

Her brilliant book, *Syria: The Desert and the Sown,* made a great impression in 1906, and four years later she followed it by *Amurath to Amurath,* of which a second edition was issued by Macmillans (21*s.* net) almost at the time of her death. When the war broke out, she served for a time in the Intelligence Department at Cairo, and then went to Mesopotamia at the request of Lord Hardinge, then Viceroy of India. At the Peace Conference in Paris she formed a close friendship with Feisal, afterwards chosen King of Iraq, who came to regard her as his 'sister.' She was equally trusted in his palace at Baghdad and in the British Residency, and her ripe knowledge was of immense service in many important and delicate deliberations. She was deeply interested in the recent excavations at Ur, which strengthened her conviction that there lay under the sands of Iraq innumerable remains that would throw new light on both history and art. Her Oriental Library has been presented by her sister to Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne, where it will form a permanent memorial of a great friend of the East.

Days of Suspense.

Amurath to Amurath shows Miss Bell in those formative years which prepared her for her outstanding position. One who was

closely associated with her work during the last few years wrote to the *Spectator*: 'A Mohammedan population, much of it steeped in the ignorance and prejudice of ages; a country just emerged from the convulsions of war; an administrative system —the only one that the land had known for centuries—shattered to fragments. Such was the strange setting in which a cultured, twentieth-century English woman was to play a leading rôle with conspicuous success.' In dedicating *Amurath* to another Eastern traveller, Lord Curzon, she speaks of her five months of journeying as a time of suspense and even of terror. She saw Amurath succeed to Amurath, and rejoiced with all lovers of justice and freedom when Abdul Hamid, who was the symbol of retrogression, lost his throne.

The First Stage.

Every Oriental city has its distinctive personality. Damascus is the capital of the desert, Aleppo of the fertile plain. The Arab tribes who conquered Damascus set their stamp upon her; Aleppo stands astride the trade routes of Northern Mesopotamia, a city of merchants quick to defend the wealth they had gathered afar. Miss Bell's company turned east on a warm and misty February morning. Peasants were busy digging out the eggs which the locusts had laid the previous year when they swarmed across the Euphrates. For every square yard cleared a square mile was left undisturbed. There was no hope of averting the destruction of the crops. The peasants worked solely for the small reward which the Government paid for each load of eggs.

First Sight of the Euphrates.

Miss Bell wished to ride to Carchemish, sending her caravan over the ford and joining it in the evening. Fattuh supported her plan by saying that the passage was easy and need not be taken into account; but Mahmud, who had come to visit her, said, 'Oh, my brother, it is the Euphrates,' and all were silenced. When they came in sight of the river flowing beneath white cliffs, she paid it 'the only tribute that can be accorded in an ungracious age, and photographed it.' 'I see it for the first time,' she said apologetically. 'Eh, yes,' replied her companion, and turned an indulgent eye upon the rolling waters that are charged with the history of the ancient world. Miss Bell found its water much esteemed by the inhabitants of its banks, but took care that what was intended for her flask should be duly boiled. To her the river was the best of travelling companions,

and every February set ' loose a desire for the wide reaches of the stream and the open levels of the desert through which it flows, the sharp cold of nightfall, the hoar-frost of the dawn, and the first long ray of the sun striking a dismantled camp.' Fattuh felt, ' There is no road like the road to Baghdad: the desert on one hand and the water on the other.' The majestic presence of the river in the midst of uncultivated lands which might be made productive with so little labour by its help got hold of the traveller's imagination.

Unquestioning Obedience.

When they visited the sheikhs or rode along, much of the conversation turned on the political situation. The local rulers feared to see liberty and justice established, for the ancient tyrannies bore sway even in the open wilderness. Miss Bell wondered at the patient Oriental acceptance of whatever might have been directed by the authorities, and often listened as some marooned garrison explained how they whiled away the weary days. ' If you will reckon up the volume of unquestioning, if uninstructed, obedience upon which floats the ship of the Turkish State, you will wonder that it should ever run aground.'

A Merry Sheikh.

At one place they were entertained by a frank and merry sheikh with the marvels of a motor in which he had travelled to Baghdad. He acted as their guide for part of the way, and pointed out numerous places where he had attacked and slain his enemies. The talk fell on charms and the evil eye. Someone told of a sheikh who wore a charm against bullets, but Mohammed thought nothing of this expedient. ' Whether the bullet hits or misses, it is all from God.' When some men were seen galloping towards them, he bade Miss Bell, ' Dismount and hold my mare.' She took the mares in one hand and her revolver in the other. When the alarm was over, he said, ' Lady, in the day of raids I do not trust my mare to the son of my uncle, and not to my own brother, lest they should see the foe and fear, and ride away. But to you I gave her because I know that the heart of the English is strong. They do not flee.

' " God forbid," " said I; but my spirit leapt at the compliment paid to my race, however lightly it had been evoked.'

Desert Travel.

Desert travelling is like a voyage. The same landscape and the same people ' are about you. Even the seasons are the same,

and the dusty face of the desert is too old to flush at the advent of spring or to be wreathed in autumn garlands of gold and scarlet. Yet, at the end of a long interval composed of periods recurrent and alike, you look round and see that the whole face of the universe has changed.'

Life in Kerbela.

Kerbela brought new associations. It has grown up round the mosque where Hussein, Mohammed's grandson, was buried, and to half the Mohammedan world it is no less sacred than Mecca. The golden dome of Hussein covers perhaps the richest treasure of offerings possessed by any shrine. Scenes connected with the founding of imperial Islam were all around; and as Miss Bell looked on the gorgeously-tiled courtyard of the Mosque from the roof of a house, 'the Spirit of Islam marched out of the wilderness and seized the fruitful earth.' The shops were heaped with oranges and pale sweet lemons, and the visitor stopped at every corner to buy more and yet more, and ate them as she went along the streets, hoping to satisfy the inextinguishable thirst born of the desert. Mountains of pink roses lay beside the oranges, and every one carried a handful and sniffed at them as he walked. She was invited at nightfall to a bountiful Persian dinner, where they feasted on lamb stuffed with pistachios, and drank sherbet out of deep wooden spoons.

Babylon and Baghdad.

She had the most delightful memories of the hospitality shown her by the German explorers at work on the mounds of Babylon. Whilst she was watching operations, a man's pick uncovered a couple of copper bracelets and the beads of a necklace worn by a Babylonish woman in the third millennium before Christ. As the caravan moved on towards Ctesiphon the sun burnt through their clothes if they stood still. The Tigris was crossed in a guffah, a huge basket-like craft. After inspecting the imposing ruins of its palace, they rode along the banks of the Tigris to Baghdad, where the Resident and his wife were expecting her arrival, and had prepared for her a room almost as spacious as the hall of Chosroes. She lunched under a fig-tree near a yezidi hamlet, where the village elders brought her bread and curds unasked, and refused payment. She looked in amazement at the great buildings of antiquity, of which she gives a wonderful set of photographs and measurements. Everywhere she was welcomed. Even the Prior of Mar Augen prepared an ample meal for her, though the monks were allowed

to see no woman. 'We have made an exception for you. Travellers come here so seldom. But some of the monks have shut themselves into their cells until you go.' The sadder side appeared when a nun came at one village to beg for a revolver because all were afraid of massacre. Nature was full of beauty. 'Clumps of flowering saxefrage covered the stones; campanula pyramidalis lifted its tall spires out of the crevices, the wide green valley lay below, its sparsely scattered villages each clustering about an ancient mound, and beyond it rose the mountain chains of Kurdistan. The air was full of the fragrance and the freshness of the hills and alive with the sound of their waters. To all the high places of the world I have given allegiance—all exercise a like authority and confer like privileges, and in these distant solitudes I claimed and was accorded an old-established right of mountain citizenship.' The travellers had grown careless with months of safe journeying in dangerous places; but were rudely awakened at Khakh, where Miss Bell's money and plans were stolen. The culprits were traced by a parcel of gloves which they had shed along the path as they ran back to their robbers' nest. The authorities of the region got to work and recovered everything save some money, which the Ottoman authorities subsequently refunded.

Kurd and Christian.

At Mezreh she was told how the Kurdish peasants had trooped into the Christian villages and demanded that the Vali should give the signal for massacre. He held out against these appeals, though the abject terror of the Armenians did much to increase the danger. When news came of the Sultan's deposition, the Kurds returned peaceably to their houses. Five weeks later there was a serious drought, and the Chief Mullah of Mezreh called the people to prayer. Christian and Moslem listened to his sermon. All were brothers, he urged, children of one Father, all in danger of perishing from the long drought. For three days they prayed together, then the rain fell abundantly, and did more to bring about amity than the fall of many sultans.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

By F. W. BOREHAM

In our attachment to New Year's Day we are guided by a sure instinct. We are wiser than we know. It is essential that we should each enjoy seasons of overhaul and review. Each individual life is a sublime experiment. Each personality on the planet is a novelty; it is absolutely unique; nothing like it has ever appeared before. Life's highest attainment lies in making the best of ourselves.

'He Must Reign'

A GLORIOUS ASSURANCE FOR THE NEW YEAR

By MARK GUY PEARSE

I STOOD the other day admiring a new locomotive. It bore resplendent a stately name. It was perfect, with all the latest inventions for speed. But it stood there useless for anything but admiration. 'Fine,' said one onlooker. 'Grand,' said another. Then each went on his way, the thing forgotten. It lacked the driving force that could turn it to any account.

There is the terrible thing in our religion—such splendid ideals, such sublime creeds, such eloquent sermons, but lacking the driving force that compels and sends it for service.

I shrink from beginning to write on these great words. 'We believe it,' we say. But we only believe it when we are reminded of it, and forthwith forget it—accepted and unheeded; an eloquent peroration for speech or sermon, and then done with. Surely it were better never to hear these words than suffer them to mean so little! To very many the thought of it is only a castle in the air, nothing more, and indeed rather less—lost in the mists as to the how and when of Christ's triumph.

The Divine Necessity of the Universe.

HE MUST REIGN. If it means anything, it means everything. No castle in the air, it is the granite that underlies the world. The City of God hath foundations. *Must*—it is the divine necessity. It is the force that shapes the age, that compels to this one end its affairs day by day, year by year, through all things. As assuredly as all the past led up to the coming of the Lord Jesus, so assuredly is all the later time leading up to His sublime triumph. *He must reign.*

'When the fullness of time had come,' says St. Paul, 'God sent forth His Son.' All the ages had been flowing into that fullness. How perfectly was all controlled, how punctually set! A few years earlier or later the birth had not been at Bethlehem from distant Nazareth; a few years earlier or later Christ would not have been crucified. The Jewish power was steadily declining; the Roman power was steadily growing. It was that exact balance that determined the birth and death of the Saviour. To be enrolled at all was to the Jew a dreaded peril; to be enrolled for Roman taxation yet more abhorred. Too weak to resist the imperial decree, they are yet strong enough to demand

that it shall be according to their own custom. Thus it is that Joseph and Mary must needs go to Bethlehem.

The superscription that Pilate set on the cross of the Saviour indicates again the balance of power. The Jewish authorities can bring the charge against Jesus; but Pilate alone can pass the sentence of death. If He die as they demand, yet shall it be by the Roman custom of crucifixion, not by the Jewish custom of stoning. Too strong for Pilate to defy them, yet is he strong enough to set up the superscription that they so bitterly resented: *Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.*

Although it is not for us to know the times and the seasons which the Father hath put in His own power, yet it is for us to know assuredly, and to live in the assurance of it, that the times and seasons are in His power—that as He is the Lamb slain from the foundation, even so from the foundation of the world is He the King of kings and Lord of lords.

It is good to find some great law of the universe. Think of Sir Isaac Newton standing in the orchard, the trees rich with the autumn tints, watching the fall of an apple. As he meditates there opens before him all the sweep of the law of gravitation—the force that keeps the sun in the heavens, that upholds the stars; no distant world but is subject to its control, and yet it directs the falling of an apple. Nothing can escape its control.

So is it in these words we find the divine necessity of the universe—*He must reign.* It opens to us all heights and depths; it holds within itself all the past and all the future. It reaches up to the decree of the Almighty, and yet it comes down to every one of us—a thrill of rapture, an unfailing strength, a demand for the glad surrender of all we are, and all we have, and all we do: *He must reign.*

The Divine Necessity in Christ's Life.

Take the story of the Lord Jesus, and follow that word *must* as it meets us in His life.

The first is when the anxious mother after a weary journey finds Him sitting amongst the doctors of the law. With flushed face and trembling lip, she says, 'Son, why hast Thou dealt thus with us?' He turned with a look of wonder: 'Why sought ye Me? Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?' If the mother could have seen into the depths of the reply, it must have seemed a lofty reply from the lips of the carpenter lad who had to go and be subject to His parents. Already that *must* controls the little round of His daily life.

Then there began to shape itself another *must*: 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so *must* the Son of Man be lifted up.' It was the softened phrase with which men spake of that death too dreadful to be named in other words—the agony and shame of the Crucifixion. He stood on the threshold of His ministry. Nicodemus, a leading man and a ruler in Israel, had come to Him as a teacher come from God. He was doing works that none could do except God were with Him. The people have testified, 'Never man spake as this Man.' It seemed impossible that He could come to such an end. But that *must* controls events, and the antagonism of the law and the force of the Roman combine to set up the cross. He *must* be lifted up.

There is yet another *must*. It is when the shadow of the cross is upon Him, when the soldiers and servants of the high-priest have come with swords and staves to take Him. Peter, indignant, draws his sword to defend his Lord. With outstretched hand Jesus bade him put up his sword: 'Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to My Father, and He shall presently give Me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then shall the scripture be fulfilled that thus it *must* be?' The devotion of His followers and the ministry of the angels must not stay that awful necessity: He *must* be lifted up.

Yet another *must*. It is at the break of day: the darkness sinks before the golden dawn. They knew not the *scripture* that He must rise again from the dead. Death itself is subject to that necessity; and the grave must yield to its compulsion.

Then comes that which completes them all—lacking which all else were undone. This is the divine necessity, the compulsion of all things is this: *He must reign.*

The Great Question for Every One is this:

How best can we serve the King in His claim on the kingdom of the world? Surely it should be to us not only the supreme purpose of our religion, but the supreme purpose of our being. Let us look up and ask Him, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' The Lord Himself answers us: '*When ye pray say, Thy Kingdom come.*' The dependence of the Almighty on our prayer is a mystery. Its end is not only for our fitness in the Kingdom; it is a power that affects the doing of His will on earth, even as it is done in heaven. It is a vast, a terrible responsibility. 'Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He send forth labourers into the harvest' means that without labourers the harvest cannot be gathered, and that our prayers can bring

forth the labourers. The command is almost an entreaty. Here, then, is our first service—to that let us pledge ourselves—that in no mere form of words, but as the utterance of our soul's longing, we pray, '*Thy Kingdom come.*'

Yet another answer is there. About their risen Lord the eager disciples gathered. 'Lord, wilt Thou bring to Thy sway the kingdoms of the world?' This was in effect the question, and so we may put it: 'Thou hast triumphed over all Thy foes, over Roman and Pharisee, over Death and Hell; and now Thou art come forth in the power of Thy resurrection, and wilt Thou complete Thy triumph and claim the kingdoms of the world?' Thus the Church stands, looking up with wonder and longing: 'Lord, wilt Thou assert Thine authority, and claim the nations for Thine own?'

Note well the answer—the answer for all the ages. Jesus bent over them and said '*Ye.*' They looked up: He looked down. They thought it rested with Him. He laid the work upon them. '*Ye—ye shall receive power after the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto Me.*' Then, as if there were nothing further to be said or done, while they beheld, He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight.

Look at it. Think of it. A hundred and twenty men and women, without special gifts of wisdom or speech, without money—that great essential to church work!—having to get their living by common daily toil, busied with all the round of daily duties—yet they are to begin the triumph of Christ, to them is entrusted a work which is to turn the world upside down! None so exalted but the influence of this lowly company shall reach them, until the throne of the Caesars is claimed for Christ; none so far off but the power of this little company shall extend to them, until the world is knit into a brotherhood. This is Christ's idea of Christianity: the idea not of man—it is infinitely too sublime—the idea of God.

What concerns us, above all else, is that we give ourselves with all our hearts to Christ for the fulfilment of His largest purposes. Accept the call and claim which come from Him.

This is the meaning and purpose of our religion. That which alone can save even our religion from a supreme selfishness—that we should surrender every man his own little world to God for His good pleasure to be filled with His glory. He does best for God's great world who makes the Kingdom of God supreme in his own little world.

The Oldest Religious Periodical in the World

By JOHN BLACKET, South Australia

I.

I MUST take the reader back about one hundred and fifty years—back to the pulse of the world, London. We have to deal first with one of the most remarkable men the world has known—a man who claimed the whole world for his parish, and lived to see his claim, to a very large extent, established.

I am referring to John Wesley. He was conscious not only of the power of the Pulpit but also of the Press. In August 1777 Wesley thought the time was more than due for the establishment of a religious periodical in the interests of the Church and nation. He decided to put a Magazine upon the literary market, sat down, and formulated his prospectus. The Magazine was to consist of eighty pages octavo, printed on good paper, and with new type. The price was to be one shilling per copy. The Magazine was not to be a medium for transmitting news in a general sense; it was not to deal with politics; in its pages there would not be anything 'offensive to religion, decency, good nature, or good manners.'

The Issue of the Magazine.

The first number appeared on January 1, 1778. I possess all the numbers for that year, and for many following years; and valuable indeed they are to me. The paper on which the type is printed is discoloured with age, and of a peculiar texture, rough surface, but very durable. The type is of the old-fashioned character, that seems so strange to the reader of to-day. In setting sail upon the literary ocean Wesley says: 'I am content that this Magazine should stand or fall by its own intrinsic value. . . . If it contains only the words of truth and soberness, then let it meet with a favourable reception.' The Magazine contains a picture of Wesley—a kind of scarecrow—and pictures of Peter Jaco and John Atlay, 'preachers of the gospel,' two of Wesley's assistants. The Magazine outlived the first year of its publication.

The Second Volume.

The Magazine was bound up yearly, and the second volume, that for 1779, is now before me. In what a conscientious manner

workmen did their work one hundred and fifty years ago! My bound-up volumes of the Magazines issued by Wesley are in a remarkable state of preservation—how well they have stood the wear-and-tear of considerably more than a century! In the preface to this second volume Wesley says: 'A year ago I proposed to publish some of the most remarkable tracts on the universal love of God.' These tracts were a reply to Calvinism. He goes on to say, 'What I then proposed I have since performed in the best manner I was able.' He is of opinion that every sensible reader will accept his statement as true.

He states that, when his prospectus was published, 'he was much solicited to give poetry a place in his Magazine.' He agreed to do so, affirming that he would not insert any doggerel, nor anything that would shock either the understanding or the good taste of the serious reader. 'This promise,' said he, relative to good poetry, 'I have fully performed I hope to the satisfaction of all competent judges.' John Wesley, like his brother Charles, was in the front rank as a poetical critic. Some of the sublimest poetry that has come down to us, embodied in the Methodist Hymn-Book, is found in his translations from the German.

Editors one hundred and fifty years ago, as to-day, were freely criticized. In this second volume of his Magazine Wesley answers some critics. Some complained that there was not variety enough in the pages of his periodical. Said he, 'There is all the variety that I promised to give.' Some complained of the character of the pictures, and certainly they were poor specimens of the pictorial art. Said Wesley: 'I will have better, no matter what the cost may be.' Others objected to the controversial character of some of the articles, affirming that such articles were not needed. 'Only establish your point,' Wesley said (that is that such articles were unnecessary), 'and you will save me a lot of trouble.' 'Is there no need for controversial articles?' said he. 'Are all the serious men in the nation established in the truth? If poison is still spreading on every side, is there no need to spread the antidote too?' Wesley's opinion was that controversy, in the interests of truth, was absolutely essential.

The Third Volume.

The third volume of Wesley's Magazine, in its original form, as it came out of the hand of the binder in 1780, is now before me. Time has left its traces upon the book, but it is still in a fairly good state of preservation. In his preface the Editor says:

'When I first desired to add another Magazine to the large number which travel through Great Britain, I consented, upon the supposition that a few months would probably conclude my labours, but herein I find myself mistaken. I am come to the end of a second year, and yet not to the end of my work.'

The Magazine was a success. It supplied a want of which many men and women were conscious. There were still some critics of the work who received the laconic answers that Wesley was so competent to give. Some still wanted 'variation.' The Editor promised to try to meet the demand, but begged 'that the variation' would not be 'improved' into an objection. 'Some persons would ask,' said he: 'Is it not time to have done? How many more Magazines will you publish'—how many more copies? 'This,' said he, 'is a question which I am not able to answer. Humanly speaking I have already one foot in the grave. I stand on the verge of eternity. But so long as I am in this tabernacle it shall be my endeavour, as I have opportunity, to do good unto all men, especially to them who are of the household of faith.'

Wesley little knew that he had called into existence a literary organ that has continued for nearly one hundred and fifty years.

Thomas Olivers.

Associated with Wesley in his literary work was Thomas Olivers, 'preacher of the gospel,' as all of Wesley's assistants were originally designated. Olivers, originally a reckless, dissipated shoemaker, was an extraordinary man. He came under the influence of the Wesleys and Whitefield, and the whole course of his life was changed. Great talents—innate gifts—were disentombed, and came prominently into view.

Olivers was a musician, a poet, a controversialist, powerful as a preacher and debater. Those who want to know his quality as a poet should read his hymn in the Methodist Hymn-Book, 'The God of Abraham Praise.' A critic has said: 'It is like a stately pile of architecture; severe and simple in style, it strikes less on the first view than after deliberate examination, when its proportions become more graceful, its dimensions expand, and the mind itself grows greater in contemplating it.'

Olivers had literary gifts, but Wesley was an exacting taskmaster; he was the embodiment of exactitude, and, in relation to details, Olivers was remiss. In 1789 Wesley wrote: 'I chose a new person to prepare the Magazine, being obliged, however unwillingly, to drop Mr. Olivers, for only these two

reasons: First—the errata are insufferable. I have borne them for these twelve years, but can bear them no longer. Second—Several pieces are inserted without my knowledge, both in prose and verse. I must try whether these things cannot be amended for the short residue of my life.'

Hymn of a Christian Miner

By HENRY BURTON, M.A., D.D.

Dr. Burton is our oldest contributor, whose earliest work appeared in these pages in 1864. It was written in Monroe, Wis., where his health broke down under the strain of six weeks of daily services. That brought him back to England and led to his entering our ministry. He has just been elected by The Hymn Society of America as its fourth honorary member, in recognition of his pre-eminence as the foremost living writer of Christian Hymns in Great Britain. All who love his hymns will rejoice in this honour.

LORD of the darkness, who hast laid
Deep in the earth Thy treasure-stores,
The rocks to guard them Thou hast made,
Till human hands unlock the doors.

Not for ourselves we lose the light
And splendour of the upper air;
We toil for others through the night,
The glistening spoil with them to share.

We search the depths for hidden gems,
For silver and for golden veins;
We bring the crowns and diadems
Up from the realm where darkness reigns.

With rocks enshrouded are the glow
And sunshine of primeval days;
We loose its bands, and let it go,
To serve man in a thousand ways.

The heights above, the depths beneath
Alike Thy wondrous works proclaim;
As at Thy feet they lay their wreath,
The very silence speaks Thy name.

We work and worship at Thy shrine;
Thy presence makes the holy place;
And common tasks become divine,
Wrought in the sunlight of Thy face.

The Story of Methodist Music

By JAMES T. LIGHTWOOD

John Wesley's Hymn-Book.

AMONGST the many treasures bequeathed to his followers by John Wesley there are two that are of special interest to students of hymnology and church music. The output of hymn pamphlets and collections of hymns flowed from the Wesley press in ever-increasing numbers, and it must have been difficult for the good Methodists of the eighteenth century to know exactly which special edition or collection they should take with them when going forth to the Sunday service. It does not appear to have been the custom in those days to provide hymn-books at the preaching-houses 'For Visitors only,' and worshippers, or at any rate those of them who could read, were supposed to bring hymn-books with them.

With a view to simplify the somewhat complicated conditions arising out of such an extensive choice, Wesley took the matter in hand, or, to use the words of his famous Preface, 'I have been importuned to publish such a HYMN-BOOK as might be generally used in all our Congregations throughout Great Britain and Ireland.' The result of his work appeared in 1780 under the title *A Collection of Hymns for the Use of the People Called Methodists.*

This remained the standard hymn-book for Methodist congregations for half a century. During that period at least thirty-eight editions were published (not including 'pirated' ones), and in the course of years many deviations were made from Wesley's original scheme. His own final revision was 'The Third Edition corrected,' 1782; and this was reproduced in facsimile in 1904.

In the fifth edition (1786), which would be published with Wesley's approval, an important addition was made, the name of a suitable tune selected from *Sacred Harmony* (1780) being added above each hymn. Wesley evidently approved of the 'fixed tune' system, and would doubtless feel he had done all he could to prevent irresponsible leaders of the singing from introducing new tunes composed by themselves or their friends.

Wesley's Last Tune-Book.

This hymn-book and its accompanying tune-book (*Sacred Harmony*) provided all that was necessary for the Methodist

service of praise for many a long year. In 1882 a new oblong edition of *Sacred Harmony* was published under the editorship of Charles Wesley, who, on the title-page, proudly inscribed himself as the 'nephew' of John Wesley. No further tune-book was published by the authority of Conference till 1876.

'Come, let us anew.'

Few hymns have more sacred associations than the one with which Methodist congregations invariably welcome the birth of another year. There is one tune, and one tune only, that is now associated with it, and the union has become hallowed by the custom of many generations. So well are hymn and tune fitted to each other, that one is inclined to ask who is responsible for the association.

In the Conference Library there is a copy of the fourth edition of *Sacred Melody* (1761). Published in 1773, this particular issue has become singularly scarce; and additional value is given to this Library copy, owing to the fact that it was the one which John Wesley corrected with his own hand when preparing to issue his *Sacred Harmony* (1780).

The hymn 'Come, let us anew' was originally set to a melody which has long since disappeared. It was called 'New Year's Day,' and, whatever may have been its merits, it seems that Wesley did not think it suitable, or it may be that a new tune, which he had picked up somewhere—no one now knows where—would prove a more appropriate setting. So we find that in his copy of *Sacred Melody* he has crossed out 'New Year's Day' and written above it 'Derby,' and thus it is to him we are indebted for the choice of a tune which has for long been the great New Year's song for Methodist congregations.

New Regulations.

Not until five years after the death of John Wesley do we find at the various Conferences any reference to singing or to music generally. However, in 1796 the old resolution concerning the singing of anthems underwent a slight modification, and was reproduced in this form:

'Let no anthems be introduced into our chapels (unless on extraordinary occasions and with the consent of the Assistant) because they cannot properly be called joint-worship.

'Also we agree with our late Rev. Father that our own tunes should be learned and sung in preference to others, as in these the whole congregation can in general join.'

That anthem singing was a feature at the Methodist chapels, at any rate in the North of England and the Midlands, is shown by the publication in 1797 of a small pamphlet with the title:

FAVORITE HYMNS,
ODES AND ANTHEMS,
AS SUNG AT
THE METHODIST CHAPELS
IN THE
SHEFFIELD, ROTHERHAM, DONCASTER,
AND NOTTINGHAM CIRCUITS.

THE FIFTH EDITION, IMPROVED
BY J. WILDE.
PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1797.
PRICE TWOPENCE.

As this was the 'Fifth' edition, it is safe to assume that this little anthem-book was already widely used. The compiler was leader of the singing at Norfolk Street Chapel, Sheffield, and he bears excellent testimony to the worth of his choir in these words: 'I do not consider it to be any violation of the laws of truth to observe that Congregational Harmony is better performed among the Methodists at *Norfolk Street Chapel* than in any other place of worship in Sheffield or its vicinity.' We also learn from Wilde's Preface that the anthems were not only for the use of the choir, but were to be sung by any of the congregation who could join in. 'Let those persons' (wrote this choir-leader) 'who are dispersed throughout the chapel, and who sing the bass part, use the same notes they hear from the singers; inattention to this produces discord. Secondly, keep time with the singers, that is to say, go not before nor hang behind them; both of which cause disorder.

'Lastly, and above all things, let not the men sing in the repeats, which the women take; this destroys the beauty, simplicity, and excellency for which Methodist singing has been so long celebrated.'

The direction that those who sang bass were to take their notes from the singers would scarcely be conducive to strict time being kept in the performance of the music. The reason for the suggestion probably was that copies of the music existed in manuscript only, and there would not be any available except for the singers' pew.

Woman's Life in her Home

By GABRIELLE GARTH

A CONQUEST

IN these papers I propose to deal chiefly with the life of those women whose means are limited, for they are in a big majority since the war. The middle-class woman, who must ' keep up appearances ' in these days, finds a perpetual call on her courage and on her endurance. She often finds little leisure for that quiet meditation which lifts the heart towards things spiritual, and shuts out the trivialities of mundane everyday life. She is forced to concentrate on things material from sunrise to sunset. The Lord's Day has ceased to be for her ' a day of rest.' The machinery of the home must be kept running even though it is Sunday. Like Martha, she is ' cumbered by many things,' when she is longing to sit at the feet of the Master, like the more fortunate Mary.

The Spirit of Prayer.

A Christian wife and mother, who was one of the most unselfish and capable women I have met, once said to me, ' I have so many duties and responsibilities, that I cannot even get proper time for prayer.'

I replied by a question: ' Don't you find yourself uttering prayers all the day long in your heart? Do you not *think* prayers for help, or of thanksgiving, as you go along with your endless work? '

She smiled radiantly. ' How did you know? ' she inquired of me.

I answered that her calm, steady, cheerful ' keeping on ' told me that she lived in ' a spirit of prayer.'

' To live in a spirit of prayer is far more important than " to enter into your closet " for an hour's prayer while duties are being neglected,' I pronounced; adding, ' besides, " Labour is Prayer." '

This particular woman was of a type that consumes its own smoke. She never talked about her troubles and difficulties; but I chanced to know something about them without her telling me. Her husband happened to be a very hot-tempered man; and though he was clever and capable, he lost post after post on account of his want of self-control. He had no vices. He was a

loving husband and father; but this losing of posts made life extremely difficult for his wife. There was no money apart from his earnings; so this poor little woman had to scrape and save to tide over those intervals of unemployment. There were two boys at school, and a delicate little girl of three to be cared for at home. Even the one servant which this woman had once possessed had long since been dispensed with. Her husband had strongly objected to this. He did not want the wife of whom he was really very fond to be doing all the drudgery of the household. 'I can well afford one good maid for you,' he would say. This was true enough, if he had only kept his posts; but, alas! he no sooner got well settled, than in a fit of temper he 'gave notice.'

It was amazing to me the way his wife took these repeated knock-down blows. She never nagged or reproached. The more he 'gave in,' the more she strove and 'kept on.' There were things she had to do and things she had to bear. Both she tackled in the same spirit, which I am sure was 'the spirit of prayer.'

Some Home Truths.

Her husband was a headstrong, masterful man; but there came a day when his eyes opened wide to the fact that he was inflicting cruelty, without in the least intending it, on this brave little wife. It was one evening when he had come home with the same fateful tale of having left his post.

'I could not allow such impertinent interference,' he told her, 'so I resigned the post. *They* will suffer, for I know no one can really fill my place.'

This was true too, for the man was extraordinarily capable.

To his utter amazement his wife collapsed in a dead faint.

An illness followed, during which the man found that he had somehow to 'carry-on.' He had a little money, but not nearly what was required. Desperately he tried to fill the rôle his wife had patiently filled so long. He did his best. A neighbour who had heard of the illness came in and carried off the little girl to look after her; but she gave no sympathy to the child's father. Instead she told him some home truths.

'Your wife has never opened her lips,' she observed acidly; 'but every one knows that your temper has lost you your posts, and your wife has been worked to death when she might have been comfortable. If she dies, it is at your door.'

He made no reply. What she said struck home.

The doctor, too, was unsympathetic.

'There is nothing wrong with your wife except overwork and worry—*above all, worry,*' he said significantly.

Humble-pie.

It was from his wife the man got sympathy. He had been battling with the kitchen fire, and had at last got hot water to fill a rubber bottle which he brought to her. She lay on the bed white as the sheets her frail hands had washed.

'Reggie,' she said, 'are people being kind to you?'

'Kind to me!' he broke out. 'They are giving me the kicks I deserve.'

She stretched out a hand to him. 'I'm not giving you any,' she said with her gentle smile.

'But I am giving myself some good hard ones,' he told her. 'I never realized, I never saw myself till now. Aggie, get well, and my temper shall not lose me another post.'

'You have never shown temper to me, dear,' she said tenderly, 'and I know you never realized. We have all some failing to get over, and you will get over yours.'

'My dear, my blind eyes have opened,' he said, holding both her hands between his. 'I have made you suffer, just because I would not put up with things that I am sure every man must have to put up with. I have let you bear my burden.'

'You did not mean to, dear,' she told him. 'You just didn't know. I shall soon be well, and we are going to be so happy.'

'I am glad the boys are away at school,' he said ashamedly. 'I would not like them to see their dear mother like this; and I shall go back to my post and eat humble-pie.'

The Needed Uplift.

Now, humble-pie was not at all a dish to this man's liking; but he was quite determined to swallow it somehow. He was not without a well-founded fear that a good deal of this distasteful pie would have to be eaten—and not all at once. It would be hard to keep his temper under the triumph his chief would take no pains to hide. It would get round the office that he had 'crawled back on his knees.' This phrase that formed itself in his mind stuck. It pained him so much that he told his wife. She, good little woman that she was, gave him just the uplift he needed.

'On your knees, dear!' she said, smiling. 'What better way? *What surer way?* Prayer, dear, just that; and you won't feel you are on your knees, but that you have been given wings

to carry you above humiliation. Besides, humiliation is perhaps an experience which makes us rise to greatness sooner than anything else.'

' Cost what it may, dear, I'll go through with it,' he answered her—and *on my knees,* as you say. I have neglected prayer—real prayer.'

The ' chief ' was glad enough to take this capable man back; and I know, for I saw something of this couple for some years after, the man pocketed his pride, and went back to ask to be reinstated—I know that he succeeded. He rose to a very important position in the firm.

Home happiness was the result. As to the man, *he kept his humiliation.* It was to him as a friend, he said. And he would add, ' I owe all to my wife, who was God's instrument in leading me to pray as a child to a Father.'

OUR FEBRUARY NUMBER

will contain the following stimulating and thought-provoking articles:

THE INFLUENCE OF WESLEY UPON THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
By S. Parkes Cadman, D.D., LL.D.

A further instalment of
DR. J. SCOTT LIDGETT'S REMINISCENCES.

THE MONEY PROBLEM IN THE CHURCH.
By Herston Travers.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE HOME.
By W. F. Lofthouse, M.A., D.D.

MOTHER ENGLAND.
An American's Impressions of his First Visit to the Land of His Ancestors.
By Harry Webb Farrington, D.D.

SPIRITUAL HEALING.
Its Place in the Future Ministry of the Church.
By Leslie D. Weatherhead, M.A.

Book Chat

PUBLICATIONS OF THE EPWORTH PRESS

A Work of Great Historical Importance.

IN the spring we hope to publish the first two volumes of the Complete Edition of *John Wesley's Letters*. They will be printed on good paper, in excellent type, and strong and attractively bound. Not only in the great Church he founded, but also far beyond its borders, Wesley is now recognized as one of the leading figures of his century. Apart from his work as evangelist and organizer, such was the versatility of his mind and the many-sidedness of his nature, that he touched life at almost every conceivable point.

His remarkable personality has left an abiding impression both on the England of the eighteenth century and, through his devoted fellow-workers, on succeeding generations. In the words of Alexander Knox, Wesley had 'a heart as upright as mere man could possess, he had an intellectual frame of singular construction.' Southey asserts him to be 'the most influential mind of his century.' But perhaps the greatest tribute paid to his memory is that of Augustine Birrell, who says, 'No man lived nearer the centre than John Wesley, neither Clive nor Pitt, neither Mansfield nor Johnson. You cannot cut him out of our national life. No single figure influenced so many minds, no single voice touched so many hearts. No other man did such a life's work for England. He was ever a labourer in the service of humanity: happily for us his journals remain, and from them we can learn better than from anywhere else what manner of man he was, and the character of the times during which he lived, and moved, and had his being.'

The *Letters* are full of human interest, and reveal in a striking way the personality of the writer. His varying moods play on the pages like sunshine and shadow. At times he is in the valley of depression, and on other occasions rises to heights where few can follow. In his correspondence the humanism of Wesley is clearly brought out. He stands before us as one who, despite his greatness, had his failings just as other men have. It is only by appreciating these that we are able to assess his virtues at a proper value.

To those who appreciate autobiography these volumes will be of absorbing interest. The *Letters* also make their appeal to readers whose tastes lie in other directions. Here is a man

endowed with a keen sense of humour. The wide sweep of his thought did not prevent him enjoying a joke. His sparkling wit shines out on the most unexpected occasions, and helps his correspondents and himself round many an awkward corner. Wesley never forgot that the tonic of laughter is sometimes more effective than a doctor's prescription.

The *Letters* will take the reader into a country where he will see many aspects of life, where he will ' voyage on strange seas of thought,' yet find freedom and relaxation from the conventional round of daily life and the cares and perplexities of business.

The immense historical importance of this Complete Edition may be judged by the fact that, when finished, the eight volumes will contain more than 2,530 letters, whereas the number previously printed in the *Works* was only 923.

Christian Perfection.

Dr. Harold Perkins is to be congratulated on his thesis *The Doctrine of Christian Perfection,* a work for which the London University conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. The author shows the source from which every man's faith must come, if it is to mean anything at all. The difficulties that lie in the way are not put on one side, but honestly met and overcome.

Christianity reveals many facets, and the problems it brings to light for those who strive after perfection are indicated in a striking way. Several avenues of thought open up, as will be discovered by those who peruse the pages with Dr. Perkins as their guide. The volume is not only marked by clear thinking and cogent reasoning, but also by modesty and restraint, which bear abundant testimony to the breadth of the author's outlook.

Historical developments of the Christian consciousness are traced with much care and skill. The resultant divergencies in teaching are so indicated that the reader is given the opportunity to weigh the merits of the various presentations, and arrive at his own conclusions. The Roman Catholic, the Methodist, and the Quaker contributions are dispassionately set forth. Discusssing the monasteries, a fruitful source of controversy among students of history, the author says, ' No impartial observer can fail to see the enormous benefits which they rendered during the breaking up of civilization.'

The area covered is wide, but not too wide to prevent Dr. Perkins keeping to the task he set himself, which was to inquire ' into the sources from which the idea of Evangelical Perfection

has sprung, together with some survey of the historical developments it has undergone.' This involved much research work. The volume contains many stimulating thoughts, sheds valuable light on the historical content of our faith, and is a careful, scholarly study ' of influences outside Christianity which have affected the doctrine and of developments in the Early Church.' The price of the book is 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

Christian Findings After Fifty Years.

Dr. Ballard needs no introduction to our readers; and in this volume, the price of which is 5*s.* net, there is the same easy mastery of materials, the same sudden flashing of an unexpected light on a dark place, which we have come to take as a matter of course.

It is a book of rare merit, stimulating to the mind, and marked by singular clearness of thought. Dr. Ballard has done his work well, more especially as the subject is full of difficulties and pitfalls. Though the author has had necessarily sometimes to tread on controversial ground, he never allows his judgement to be clouded by prejudice. The *Findings* are those of one who, having carefully weighed the evidence of the various sources, has arrived at certain conclusions.

The volume bears evidence of studious care and skilful workmanship, and is in every way up to the standard of his preceding works. Readers will lay down the book with a feeling that they have been in company with one who is a master of his subject.

How To Make Good Citizens.

In *Adventures in Boyland* (3*s.* net) Mr. Butterworth describes his impressions of work amongst boys. Free from conventional trimming, the book is a vivid account of life in this romantic country. Many of the lads who form the subject of these pages have little use for organized Christianity, yet possess unsuspected qualities of service and sacrifice.

Humour and pathos blend together in a way that proves the writer to have understanding and personal knowledge of the working of a boy's mind. The pages breathe the spirit of sympathy, so that we are not surprised to learn his efforts in Boyland are being crowned with success. Boisterous nights in the club, casual talks round the fireside, sing-songs, and intimate talks are some of the experiences which fall to the lot of those who serve the unprivileged. Persons who imagine they have not a

duty to their less fortunate fellows will find here incentives to many kinds of social service. The territory explored by the author is a fascinating one, and at the present time, when the problem of citizenship is engaging all thoughtful minds, this volume will prove of much assistance to workers who are trying to direct the energies of lively lads into useful channels.

The Tonic of Laughter.

The *Halifax Courier* says that Mr. Percy Pegler's *Wheat and Some Chaff* is ' the sort of volume to read when life's burdens are oppressive and men don't play the game. Mr. Pegler has a happy knack of anchoring again a life that may have broken away from its moorings through the pressure of events. For this reason the essays will bring their influence to bear upon men broken, and help the unbroken to remain intact in character and faith.'

The essays are on everyday topics, yet fresh, striking, and original. His is the kind of humour that is likely to have a wide appeal, because of its spontaneity and common sense. The materials are gathered from the most diverse sources, but the reader can always understand what he is talking about.

Like the ocean breezes, this is a book that will invigorate. The cheerful Christian optimism of the writer also evidences a profound insight into life. The sentence ' You never did justice to a man so long as you allowed your attitude to him to be determined by his worst time ' offers food for reflection and thought. The book can be had for 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

A New Life of Christ.

Mr. Ronald C. Parkin's *Life of Jesus for Young People* (1*s.* 6*d.*; with striking coloured illustrations, 3*s.* 6*d.* net) has already won a large sale, and well deserves it. It seeks to ' portray the beauty of our Lord's life and character.' We see the environment of His earthly life. Young people will learn much from the opening chapter on the Holy Land. The story of the ministry is told with a beautiful chapter on the Friend of Children and the Scenes by the Sea of Galilee. We see Him as the Great Healer, as the Teacher whose discourses and parables of the ministry is told with a beautiful chapter on the Friend Supper, the Trial, the Crucifixion, and the Easter Glory are all here, and all look forward to the wider sweep of that Kingdom that shall never end. It is a *Life of Jesus* of which young readers will never tire, and older folk will be eager to share it with them.

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